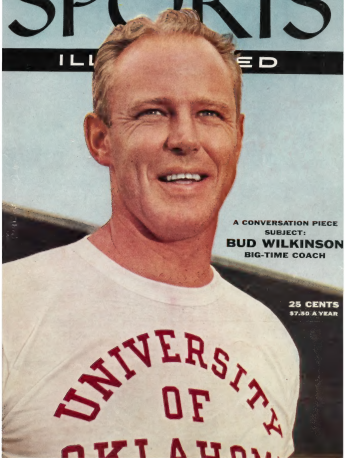


SEPTEMBER 12, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



A CONVERSATION PIECE
SUBJECT:
BUD WILKINSON
BIG-TIME COACH

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

UNIVERSITY
OF
OKLAHOMA

PERFECT FOLLOW-THROUGH

Acrilan adds luxury in wash-and-wear sweaters and sports shirts

Prize performance plus country-club luxury... that's what you get here! The sweater's soft as down. The shirt hasn't an itch to it. They're smart enough for town... yet carefree enough to go right in the wash. Block the sweater? Not this one! Iron the shirt? Only if you insist! Quick to dry, firm about holding their shape, yet with plenty of "give" where it counts... that's what this pair gets from 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber.

LONG-SLEEVED PULLOVER—\$8.95 SPORTS SHIRT—\$8.50 AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

by
puritan

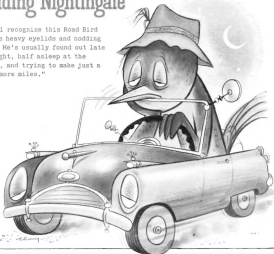


SPORTS SHIRT: JOHN ACHILLE
TROUSERS BY WALLINSON

THE

Nodding Nightingale

You'll recognize this Road Bird by his heavy eyelids and nodding head. He's usually found out late at night, half asleep at the wheel, and trying to make just a "few more miles."



THE

Smart Bird

doesn't try to do all his driving in one day. He beds down for the night when he finds himself getting tired—or pulls off the road for a refreshing forty winks if he must go on.

The Smart Bird also gets wide-awake engine performance. He uses premium gasoline. He knows premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. That means greater protection against "knock"...more available power for added driving pleasure.



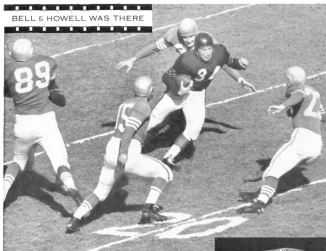
It's smart to use
premium gasoline

**DRIVE
MORE**
—a good change
for the road!



ETHYL
CORPORATION

BELL & HOWELL WAS THERE



CHICAGO BEARS' FULLBACK gains yardage before San Francisco 49ers spring the trap! Split-second thrills like this can't escape Bell & Howell's long-shooting 122-A Explorer. It's the only two-lens beam magazine camera in which viewfinder is always in position with lens! See what you get! Get what you see!

Fast-action movie-maker: instant loading, split-second lens change



NO LOST MOTION LOADING OR SHOOTING! Loads in three seconds. All you do is open camera, slip in pre-threaded magazine (left). Target inserts two lenses with matching viewfinders. Fingertip rotation rolls and locks new lens into position (right). Never miss a scene!



REMARKS LEGACY AWARDED 1954
To Bell & Howell for 47 Years
of Promoting Contributions
to the Motion Picture Industry



AUTO-B EXPLORER

\$169.95

WITH F/2.8 COMAT LENS

PRECISION-TOOLED for speed, accuracy. Five individually calibrated speeds include true slow motion. Never fear heavy duty... scratch-proof case guards delicate parts. For free folder of facts, write to Bell & Howell, 7161 McCormick Road, Chicago 43, Illinois.

experience leads to Bell & Howell

4 SCOREBOARD

12 EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

38 FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

42 COMING EVENTS

48 THE 19TH HOLE

72 PAT ON THE BACK

32 SPECTACLE: HIDE, RANCHEROS!

An annual festival brings sportsmen riders from 26 states to southern California for a revival of an old Spanish colonial idea. Photographer BEN LANDST reports the event in color. Text by BARRON HERRMAN

38 NASHUA & ARCARGO: FIRST ALL THE WAY

Swoops and Nashua met in the great Match Race of 1952—and for Swoops routes the race was like a sudden thrilling disappearance from blue skies. WHITNEY TOWER tells the story of the race and judges the ensuing argument. With drawings by Artist C. W. ANDERSON and photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN and HY PERKIN

42 MR. FITZ'S STORY

Nashua's famed trainer, SUNNY JIM FITZGERALD, gives his own account of how Nashua was trained for the race

48 THE ELEVEN BEST ELEVEN

Straight from September's practice fields, HERMAN HICKMAN sends his pick of the nation's top college football teams. With player reports, schedules and coaches' comments

54 CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: BUD WILKINSON

The country's most successful teacher of football discusses with JOAN FLEMING DREYFOOT on the problems, philosophy and fun of his rewarding job

60 BOBBY JONES'S GRAND SLAM

As the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship opens, HERBERT WARREN WIND looks back 26 years to another Amateur which climaxed the remarkable achievement of a remarkable man—and Bobby Jones adds his own comments in two pages of album pictures

62 DOGS STRANGE AND RARE

Afghanis, Chows, and Brussels griffons and the Mexican hairless are among dogdom's most unusual members. With four pages of pictures in color

68 POLO AT WINDSOR

The Duke was on the playing field, the Queen was in the stands, and everybody had a royal time at the Ascot Week tournament

THE DEPARTMENTS:

6 Hobbes: JIMMY FENNEL asks: What should be done to stop the falling off in attendance at baseball games?

46 Baseball: ROBERT CHANDLER letters to Charley Dennen tell a story about Billy Martin's temper and what Chuck thinks of the American League pennant contenders

48 Keep in the Pink: How to take care of that all-too-common injury, a sprained ankle

61 Tip from the Top: PETER THOMPSON points out the importance of the position of the head

66 Matchwit Puzzle: SE's specialty: the dust with the discipline



COVER: BUD WILKINSON

Photograph by A. Y. Owen

If Bud Wilkinson continues to win football games at his present rate—a shade better than nine wins for every loss—he can retire from the game with the most successful record ever compiled. In seven years at the University of Oklahoma his teams have won an astounding 73 games, have produced 18 All-Americans, have never lost in their conference and have taken four out of five bowl games. This year Herman Hickman feels that the Sooners have the best chance among the top Eleven Eleven to go undefeated (page 50). Wilkinson has no comment about that, but he does have plenty to say about football in an SI CONVERSATION PIECE (page 54)

Acknowledgments on page 48

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: ARCHIE MOORE

The old master's strategy for beating Rocky Marciano, explained in words by Archie himself and in illustrations designed to help the viewer follow the fight

FOOTBALL IN THE FAR WEST

In the first of a series of regional reports, Herman Hickman telegraphs an up-to-the minute evaluation of the teams. Plus a UCLA-MARYLAND preview in color

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Bill Whedon**, unknown 28-year-old Farmington, Conn. amateur whose greatest ambition was "to hold 13 spades in bridge and make hole-in-one in golf," got two aces in first nine holes in opening round of Insurance City Open at Wethersfield (Conn.) Country Club for PGA recognized tournament record. ● **Col. Horace A. Hanes**, who scored North American F-100-C Super Sabre at incredible \$32 mph last Aug. 28 at Edwards AFB, Calif., was announced as official holder of new level-flight speed standard, at Philadelphia. Old record: 735 mph. ● **Andan Baynes**, slender Norwegian middle-distance

star, raced 1,600 meters in 2:19 to break own world mark at Gothenburg, Sweden, set off rash of world track records in European meets. Other record breakers this week: **Polsani's Jerry Chaudin**, who romped over 3,600-meter mezzofondo course in 8:41.2 at Brno, Czechoslovakia; **Lars Hindman**, Swedish head-and-tail specialist, who staggered off five miles in 34:49.3 to surpass own walking standard at Gothenburg. ● **Jehany Allen**, Port Worth, Tex. daredevil, roared his streamlined red and silver motorcycle at 181 mph, fastest speed ever recorded by two-wheeler, over Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

BASEBALL

Cleveland Indians began drive down American League home stretch, swept three straight from Chicago after losing series opener, edged into precarious half-game lead over New York Yankees, dropped White Sox to third place, 1½ games off pace. Indians took two from Baltimore as Herb Score won his 14th game (3-1), fanned 13 to bring total to 269, became first major league rookie since Grover Cleveland Alexander in 1911 to strike out more than 200 batters in season. **Orlando Hester** (Skiing) Brown matched Score after relieving Bill Wright in first, pitched eight hitless innings. White Sox beat Boston twice 7-5, 4-2, celebrated arrival in Cleveland with 6-1 win on Jack Hachman's four-hitter, but but of Outfielder Minnie Minoso, Cleveland picked itself up, battered Chicago 6-1 behind top-notch pitching of Early Wynn, two home runs by Larry Doby, tripped stumbling Sox 5-3, 5-3 in Sunday double-header on pitching of Bob Lemon, Mike Garcia and star reliever Ray Narveski, extra-base hitting of Ralph Kiner, Al Rosen and Al Smith.

New York Yankees, hopeful of gaining ground at expense of tailenders, split pair with Kansas City, celebrated return of holier-than-Billy (The Kid) Martin from Army service with 4-2 win over Washington as Whitey Ford hurled one-hitter for 14th win, Mickey Mantle hit 34th homer, Martin (installed as regular shortstop) got two hits. Senators came from behind to beat Yankees 10-5 but New Yorkers snapped back to win third game 6-3 as Mantle hit homer No. 37. Boston Red Sox recovered from double loss to Chicago, took three straight from Baltimore 6-3, 2-1, 3-4 with assistance from 42-year-old relief pitcher Ellis Kinder and 37-year-old Ted Williams, who hit 26th and 27th home runs, to lag four games behind leaders.

Brooklyn Dodgers stretched National League lead to comfortable 14 games over Milwaukee, needed any combination of six to clinch pennant after winning two out of three from Braves, three straight from last-place Pittsburgh.

New York Giants dropped 5-3 game to Philadelphia, won next two 3-2, 7-4 to move back into third place, own percentage point ahead of Phillies, but Manager Leo Durocher suspended Johnny Antonelli (21-game winner last year, 11-18 this year) for insubordination after irked pitcher resented removal from game. Chicago Cubs' lucky Ernie Banks smacked his 49th home run, set major league record for shortstops but couldn't raise his team out of stock piles.

Frank Lane, blustering Chicago White Sox general manager and onetime college basketball and football official, was fired \$400 by Commissioner Ford Frick for "conduct unbecoming a baseball official and using profane language" after he unleashed full-throated blast at umpiring during Chicago-Boston game, was ordered to make public apology to American League President Will Harridge and White Sox fans. Lane apologized as directed (three days later did some more ungraceful outburst during Chicago-Cleveland game: "I have always maintained that spectators should not be allowed on the playing field . . . and Mr. [Bill] Summers was in that class tonight.")

HORSE RACING

Nashua, William Woodward Jr.'s handsome bay colt, surged out of starting gate, never looked better as he hustled all way under masterful ride by Eddie Arcore to whip California-bred Swaps, his Kentucky Derby conqueror, by big 6½ lengths in \$100,000 match race at Washington Park, Chicago (see page 22).

Swaps' Son, smooth-striding colt owned by E. Gay Drake, sprinted into early lead, maintained fast front-running pace to secure easy victory in six-furlong \$147,845 Washington Park Futurity, posted year's earnings to healthy \$221,120 taps among nation's 2-year-olds.

Clifford Moores' Traffic Judge, runner-up to Nashua and Swaps in recent races, had capable Eddie Arcore aboard, responded nimbly with brilliant three-length triumph in \$90,230 Ventnor Turf Stakes at Atlantic City, N.J.

Park Dandy, 16 to 1 long shot, got smart ride from Bob Usery but had to outgame Marled Game in thrilling stretch run to capture \$46,158 Barclay Handicap at Randall Park, North Randall, Ohio.

Miss Todd, California's leading 2-year-old filly, held off fast finishing Swaps to win by ½ length in \$29,978 Del Mar Debutante at Del Mar, Calif.

BOXING

Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, windmilling Hackaway Beach, N.Y. heavyweight, baffled over-the-hill Edward Charles with long lefts and jinxtime dance steps, nearly scored weary ex-champion with blistering 16th-round attack, was unanimous decision in TV fight at Cleveland. Jackson, \$10,000 slier after second victory over Charles, admitted: "I don't want to fight, I fight because there's nothing else I can do."

Robert Cohen of France floored chiding Willie Trowel twice in second, once in 16th, barely weathered strong comeback

by challenger in late rounds to gain draw, retained his world bantamweight title before 30,000 at Johannesburg.

Eduardo Lasso, hard-bitten Argentine middleweight, dlobbered Kid Gavilan, who now dances better than he fights, for 12 rounds, earned decision at Buenos Aires.

Gov. George M. Leader signed into law new Pennsylvania boxing code giving Jim Crowley's State Athletic Commission "legal tools to make boxing clean sport rather than crooked business," promptly lifted 114-day ban triggered by investigation of Harold Johnson-Julia Mederos fight May 6 (SI, May 30).

SAILING

Marie Cape of Italy pipped up 7,342 points to win the Portofino in five races to win world Sloop championship at Santander, Spain. U.S. team of Harry Allen of Westport, Conn. and Terry Whittemore of Nantucket, Conn., aboard Canova VI, gained two victories but lost chance for title when broken mast forced boat out of second race.

Tom Allen, 24-year-old Navy corpsman from Buffalo, N.Y., outdistanced all rivals, captured Lightning Class International crown for second straight year on Lake Pontchartrain at New Orleans.

Teal Monetti, port 18-year-old Manhasset Bay Yacht Club youngster who has been around boats since knee-high to job, sailed off with North American women's championship and Adams Trophy, gave Long Island its seventh win in past nine years, at Rye, N.Y.

HUNTING

Genevieve Shivers F. Kenyon of Louisiana, Allan Roberts of Texas and Joe Foss of South Dakota made good use of single bullets, bagged high-bounding antelope with first shots to lead four-man team (only Gov. J. Bracken Lee of Utah missed) to victory in annual one-shot antelope hunt at Lander, Wyo. Dr. A. M. Lysinger of Denver hit jackpot, got two antelope when bullet passed through one animal and struck another.

HARNESS RACING

Scott Frost, California's long-striding 3-year-old bay son of Hot Man, quickly moved to front under strong drive by dear little Joe O'Brien, trotted home two lengths ahead of old rival Galapagos to win \$75,340 Yankees Futurity (rebet in night harness-racing history) at Yonkers, N.Y., boosted 1953 winnings to all-time high of \$119,622.86, brought some solace to West Coasters still mourning defeat at their Sprints.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**What should be done
to stop the falling off
of attendance at baseball
games? (asked at the
governors' conference
in Chicago)**

VICTOR E. ANDERSON

Governor of Nebraska



"Prohibit the intentional base on balls. When a great slugger comes to bat and is passed I feel cheated. I've paid to see him hit. Clubs could have gate prizes to boost attendance. In addition to ladies' day, they could also have special days when the row of the family would be admitted free."

JOHN F. SIMMS

Governor of New Mexico



"First, spread the big leagues around. Why should big league baseball be the monopoly of the East? The majors must also help the minors. We've got a lot of good minor league clubs, but they're fading. They get little backing from the top. We're loyal to our teams but we need help."

AYERRELL HARRISMAN

Governor of New York



"Most major and minor teams are having real trouble with this problem. They should only televise games away from home. And games should not be televised into minor league territory. Inadequate parking facilities and poor transportation make attendance at a game an ordeal."

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON

Governor of Vermont



"I wouldn't change the game as lots. Look how frequent changes in football rules have confused the fans. Stop trying to dignify the game. I like an occasional rhabarb. They are part of the game. Also, something must be done to keep television from hurting attendance."

FRED HALL

Governor of Kansas



"My gripe is about the length of the games. A game used to be played in under two hours. Now it often will take three hours. Long double-headers are particularly boring. A busy man can slip away from his work for no more than a couple of hours. Why not seven-inning games in double-headers?"

JOE FOSS

Governor of
South Dakota



"The game is perfect. Witness the exciting race in the American League. But the majors should move west and south. Look at Kansas City. It doesn't have a winning team, but attendance is tops. We're trying to get the N.Y. Giants into the Twin Cities. We'll triple their attendance."

ROBERT F. KENNON

Governor of Louisiana



"The game itself is perfect. It's marvelous the way players time their moves. But clubs should try some showmanship. Dress the game up. Why not club songs similar to college songs? And nostalgic music between innings. Why not tell the fans some high-light of each player as he comes to bat?"

PAUL PATTERSON

Governor of Oregon



"The players should be made to appreciate that the crowds like nothing more than hustle. When they are lachardical on the field it makes the game dull. Hustle is the one thing that will keep up interest. Also, it is proper for cities to improve parking facilities through taxation."

Governor of Ohio



"Do not allow games to drag. Keep the players moving. Games used to be played in an hour and 30 minutes."

A limitation must be placed on TV to enable the minutes to survive. The majors are making money. I'm definitely of the belief that trials like gate prizes will ultimately hurt baseball."

EDWIN S. JOHNSON

Governor of Colorado



"First, eliminate the bonus player. These kids would be of more service to the minor leagues and to themselves than they are to the major clubs. Second, let the majors take over the farm clubs. At the end of each season, the teams that finish last should have the first pick in the draft."

ROBERT C. SAYLOR

Governor of Idaho



"Let's spread the big leagues around the country. That would be good for baseball and for the nation. The best players are now being developed in the Midwest, West and South. Minor league clubs, with the majors' help, should pay players what they deserve. It would encourage boys to play."

NEXT WEEK:

In a free-for-all between Rocky Marciano, the heavyweight champion, and Lou Thesz, wrestling champion, who would win?

BOWLERS: THIS ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF BALL CAN BOOST ANYBODY'S SCORE!

New Ebonite — inventors of the modern bowling ball — have pioneered another great advance in bowling! New Ebonite scientists have discovered the long-sought secret of *perfect ball CONTROL* — and built it into the most unusual ball you've ever seen with!

It's called the Ebonite TORNADO. From the moment you pick it up and send it winging down the alley to high scores, you'll know that bowling-ball design has entered a new era. You'll thrill to the glove-like fit . . . superb control . . . amazing balance . . . and magic scoring power of your custom-fitted Ebonite TORNADO. For this unique new ball improves the beginner's game, adds to the expert's score, helps anybody bowl far better — *right away!*

FIRST REAL ADVANCE IN FIFTY YEARS HELPS YOUR GAME THESE 3 IMPORTANT WAYS:

BETTER FIT!

BETTER BALANCE!

BETTER ACCURACY!



CUSTOM-FITTED — Your finger span, your bowling grip are just as individual as your fingerprint! That's why your Ebonite dealer takes your gripfit on the exclusive Ebonizer, then custom-drills your Ebonite TORNADO for the perfect grip that's yours alone!

ROAD-TESTED — Old-fashioned bowling balls are frequently substandard by drilling finger grips. But every Ebonite TORNADO is precompensated for drilling . . . *flawed* in quick order to determine the one right spot for finger grips. And what a difference perfect balance makes in your CONTROL!

AMAZING FINISH — Just as a scientist likes tested grips the coach, the special scientific finish of Ebonite's TORNADO grips the alley with "magnetic" traction, stays on the course you give it, blasts the pins with explosive force. Then — the TORNADO ricochets to push more pins and throw them. That's why it carries far more wood than ordinary balls!

5-YEAR GUARANTEE!

ONLY \$23⁹⁵

EBONITE

TORNADO

in 2 brilliant NEW colors . . . at slight extra cost.

GET FITTED TO AN **EBONITE** BOWL BETTER OVERNIGHT



EBONITE CO., NEWTON 66, MASS.

One oil GUARANTEES to stop sticking valves; cut engine "ping"

Auto engines today are subject to much greater pressures and higher speeds. This means that motor oil must provide greater detergency, higher film strength than ever before to reduce destructive engine "ping", prevent sticking hydraulic valve lifters and minimize wear.

Today refiners are using chemical additives in their oils to meet this need. Yet car manufacturers and refiners both agree that additives are consumed in service—may even be reduced below safe limits after only a few hundred miles of stop-and-go driving around town.

But Macmillan does not rely on additives alone. Macmillan begins with a special crude oil from one certain area, in which natural detergency and exceptional film strength are part of the oil itself.

These qualities cannot be used up in service. So, RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty gives you double and continuous protection from oil change to oil change.

Don't depend on oils that rely solely on additives to protect your engine right through to the next oil change. Of all nationally distributed motor oils, RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty alone guarantees to reduce destructive engine "ping" and prevent hydraulic valve lifters from sticking.

Ask for Macmillan

**RING-FREE Xtra Heavy Duty
Motor Oil—Only 45¢ a Quart**

At Independent
Stations and
Car Dealers



Macmillan
Petroleum Corp.,
539 West Sixth St., Los Angeles 14

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

WHEN Swaps beat Nashua last May in the Kentucky Derby and then returned, as planned, to California—with further meetings between the two great 3-year-olds unscheduled and unpromised—it looked as if the Derby would be the only conclusive test of this year's 3-year-old supremacy.

The Derby was a great race. But it did not seem to be the proper end to a story. The second chapter is the matchless match race reported in this issue. Few sports events have so captured the sports world's imagination. Fewer have so richly rewarded it.

After the Derby the need for another race between Swaps and Nashua was as clear as its likelihood cloudy: after the Derby, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (May 23) cited the fact that both colts were to be stabled in Chicago this summer and suggested simply that they meet again there.

In the June 13 issue *SI* announced the match race as an August 6 actuality at Washington Park. As it turned out, the complications which surround an event of this scope changed the date. The story otherwise, despite denials, remained true.

After the race, Ben Lindheimer, executive director of Washington Park and The Jockey Guild's "1965 Man of the Year," was talking with *SI*'s Whitney Tower. "At the contemplation stage of the race," he said, "*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* showed a compelling desire to bring about a contest everyone knew would be a credit to both sport and racing. Your magazine was, in fact, the spearhead."

"The race was above all in the public interest and I would have swum two rivers to bring it off. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was in constant contact with me and the other principals, and through its editorial impact contributed greatly to an event which, speaking very personally, will remain as the most pleasant racing memory that I possess."

I feel sure that everyone who recognizes the best in sport shares a most pleasant memory with Ben Lindheimer.



BEN LINDHEIMER

Harry Phillips

For BACK-TO-CAMPUS...

*Modified
natural shoulders!*



Look to **M^cGREGOR**

QUILON SUEDE

for Fashions in Leather
with the '55 University Look!

*Now really
dry cleanable
suede!*



Bottoms up to McGregor and DePont for Quilon—luxury leather suede you can send to a neighborhood dry cleaner! Water-repellent Quilon Suede Blouse, \$25.00. The sport? military? Tent, the cozy shirt, \$11.95. Frosted Flannel Slack, 100% wool, \$18.95. Above—that fabulous Normandy Suede leisure coat, \$47.95

M^cGREGOR*

Sportswear made in U.S.A.

Also Buy-Sell, Buy-Price! at better stores everywhere, or write McGregor Sportswear, 383 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

Page 100

94.4 PROOF • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LONDON, N. J.

1000

Managing Editor... Sidney L. James
Managing Editor... Richard W. Johnson
News Editor... John Tilly

Associate Editors:
Robert Dwyer, Andrew Geylson, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Percy Kinsath, Paul O'Neill, Fred Smith, Jerome Snyder (Art Reviews), Whitney Tower, Herbert Warner, Marc Venter, David Wright

Kate Hanson, Robert H. Hayle, William Chapman, S. Lee Green, Morris Hyman, John Hinkley, Elaine K. Mann, Dorothy Rigg, Josephine Cox, Karl Törnell, Margaret Woods, Michael H. Wilson.

Bibliography:
 Portage Express, Gary J. Laver
 2014 The book written Mark Kniffen.
 Heart of Mine, by Paul
 Armstrong, Peter Dick, Douglas Merv.

Members.
Homer Fitzgerald, Alfred Paul Anderson, Jr.
John Henry Boudin, Gaudy S. Brown, Ivo
Storkman, Alice Higgins, Virginia Kraft, Mar-
vin Lutz, Herbert Posing, Gilbert Rogers,
Kenneth Hudson, Mary Snow, Ann Woods,
Lester Woodcock.

Editorial Assistant:
Sherry Kees, *Teacher-Memo, Deanser Mile-*

Publications:
Articles in: *Bronchology*, *Chest*; *Houston Chronicle*,
Pittsburgh Courier; *Henry Doe Magazine*, *Robert Lakin-*
son, *Houston Chronicle*, *Nation's Tribune*.

Leaves:
 Alfred Zucaro (1944): William Bernards,
 Frank Camandella, Harvey Grot, Martin
 Nathan.

Administrative Assistant:
 Maryann Harris, Clerk to the Mayor

Approved Contributors
 Richard Butler Jr., John Bontley, Duane Decker,
 Herman Harkins, James Howard, Victor
 Kaiman, Bill Mauldin, John O'Reilly, Charles
 Proulx, David Schaffner, M. A. Sam Smith, Ned
 Smith, George Sutton, William F. Tarkenton,
 Jerome Weidman, Philip Weiss, Ed Weiss.

[illegible]

Published by: H. H. S. Phillips Jr.
Administrative Director: William W. Halloran

[illegible]

Four beautiful new trap ranges and about fields with all equipment available — E. W. "Sebe" Seybold presiding. And add superb surroundings and the gracious life America's leading resort breed affords.

WHITE WILLOW SPRINGS
NEW HAVEN
E. THOMAS WRIGHT
The Graduate and General Manager

Our nearest U.S. Government offices are: New York, New York, Bureau, NY 9-15400
Boston, 22 Tremont Street, LA 5-4497 • Chicago, 11 W. Washington Street, RA 5-5515
Washington, Government Buildings, RE 7-1541 • Toronto, 88 Richmond Street, West, EM 3-3585



It's that amazing purple motor oil

PURPLE ROYAL TRITON

AMERICA'S HIGHEST MOTOR OIL is specifically compounded to meet the greater responsibility put on oil by the new, higher compression engines. It actually exceeds car manufacturers' specifications. Purple Royal Triton, now in new all-weather 5-20 and 10-30 grades at new car dealers and service stations throughout the U.S. and Canada and Union 76 Service Stations in the West.

UNION OIL COMPANY of CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Union Oil Bldg. • New York, 45 Rockefeller Plaza
Chicago, 122 Bankers Bldg. • New Orleans, the National Bank of Commerce Bldg.
Atlanta, 401 Atlanta National Bldg. • Kansas City, Mo., 301 W. 12th St.



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DEWY DAWN, 1955

At 5:40 a.m. bright lights began to go on in the bare and Spartan cubicles of Jeff House, the University of Oklahoma's athletic dormitory. A student manager moved from room to room, kicking at double-decker bunks and howling cheerfully, and two by two the school's regiment of tanned, barr-headed, flat-bellied football players climbed out of bed and struggled, yawning, out into the cool dawn. They walked past the vast and shadowy stadium and into a harshly lighted, hospital-white locker room. Silently, sleepily, they got into pads, scrimmage suits and cleats and went outside again to the wet grass of a practice field.

Two assistant managers walked toward them lugging a huge vat filled with a purple eye-opener—a mixture of grape and lime juice. The players dipped in with paper cups. Coach Bud Wilkinson watched and shuddered slightly. "A terrible color to look at in the morning," he muttered. "We used to have orange juice but the players said it didn't sit well on their stomachs. So we got them this stuff. Why they like it, I don't know." Then, raising his voice, he called: "All right, come on fellows, let's circle up." The players gathered around him.

At Norman, Okla., as at college big and small all over the U.S.—at Penn, UCLA, SMU, Centre, Montana State, Nebraska, William and Mary—the 1955 football season was beginning. The great autumn riddle was beginning too—even though baseball still claimed the limelight and even though football's young braves were simply

launching their two-week preseason training. Hundreds of newspapers and millions of fans were immediately moved to speculate: who would be left on top (see page 59 for Herman Hickman's *Eleven Eleven*) by Thanksgiving Day?

But most of the talk on the Oklahoma practice field was terse and technical; toil was the order of the day. "Whack that forearm in there. Arch that back. Keep those feet working. Chug, chug, chug," cried Assistant Coach Gomer Jones, driving his linemen. His voice remained surprisingly gentle ("It doesn't help a boy to swear at him"). Wilkinson himself went into amazing detail. "We want you to take the ball with the right hand under it, not alongside it like we did it

last year," he told his quarterbacks.

Linebackers practiced running backward. Halfbacks took hand-offs and drove into the line, concentrating on keeping their eyes front—to check their awareness, an assistant coach stood before them and asked them, after every play, how many fingers he had held up. Guards smacked, again and again, into a charging machine, sending echoes bouncing off the walls of the empty stadium. The sun grew hot. By 8:30, when the squads of players trotted once around the field and then back to the locker room, the temperature was in the 90s and their shirts were soaked with sweat. "That," said Quarterback Jimmy Harris, "will hold us—until after lunch."

Continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Nashua upset favored Swaps in the match race.

The Brooklyn Dodgers, rallying after a weak spell in late August, picked up their winning ways again, expected to clinch the National League pennant sometime this week.

Lee Doracher, meanwhile, was presented fresh proof this was 1955, the year the Giants lost the pennant. When Johnny Antonelli, star left-hander of the 1954 world champions, showed a reluctance to give way to a relief pitcher in Philadelphia, Doracher suspended him from the team, sent him home to New York.

Ernie Banks, slender sophomore shortstop of the Chicago Cubs, swung his modern, bumpy-whip bat (only 32 ounces) against a modern, josh-rabbit baseball, watched it disappear into the left field outwalk at Wrigley Field for his 49th home run of the

year, breaking a record for shortstops. The great Honus Wagner in his best year with Pittsburgh (1908) hit just 19.

Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark and László Tabak of Hungary rolled off two races in times that would have been hailed with headlines a few years ago, noted instead only a few brief and buried paragraphs for their feats, further pointed up the fact that distances from 800 to 3,000 meters would be the feature events of the 1956 Olympic track program. Nielsen's new pedestrian time for 1,500 meters: 3:45. Tabak's in the mile: 4:43.6.

Beasen's Ben, a stretch-mareeing Chicago colt with five straight victories and the fastest bank roll in the 3-year-old division (\$129,715), added another victory and \$1,488 more dollars to his collection by winning the Washington Park Futurity, established himself as the horse in best for the 3-year-old-of-the-year title.

continues from page 12

DRESSING-ROOM CONVERSATION

WHEN Ezzard Charles was champion of the world, Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson was a spindly 17-year-old who used to hide from the other kids in Rockaway Beach, N.Y., because they were always "throwing me in the stinker bushes and stomping on me." As champion, Charles was a finished boxer who moved with an easy grace. Tommy Jackson grew up to be a slatted heavyweight who fought as though he were still trying to thrash his way out of the stinker bushes.

In Cleveland the other night, 23-year-old Jackson beat 34-year-old Ezzard Charles for the second time in less than a month, and when the fight was over, Jackson shuffled into Charles' dressing room. "That was one fight I hated to win," he said.

"Take care of yourself and keep trying," Charles said. "You have got a lot of ability that most fellows haven't got. Put your heart in it."

Jackson's eyes began to water. "But I don't want to fight."

"Oh," said Charles. "If you don't want to fight, that's a different story. With me it was different. I wanted to fight."

"I fight because there's nothing else I can do," said Tommy Jackson. Then the fellow who learned to fight because the kids in Rockaway Beach used to throw him in the stinker bushes turned and walked out of the dressing room.

DOUBLE LIFE

AS LONG as Richard S. Nye remains seated at his big mahogany desk in an office high over Wall Street in New York, he looks and talks like the broker and investment specialist that he is. But let him get up and walk around a bit, let his attention be drawn to the framed photographs of the racing yachts that hang on the wall and something happens to Mr. Nye. He begins to move with a rolling gait, he hikes up his trousers in seaman fashion, he stops at the window to sniff the weather and his speech becomes so salty that it is no longer difficult to believe that Broker Nye is also, in the other half of his double life, America's No. 1 ocean-racing skipper of the year.

Broker Nye would probably be distressed if he realized that Skipper Nye was showing through on Wall Street, for both Nyes are great ones for minimizing their achievements. The skipper

has a great deal to play down. His 53'-6-foot yawl, *Carina*, a spanking new, untried competitor sailed by a young (averaging 24 years) crew, this summer won the Newport-to-Sweden race (the first across the North Atlantic in 20 years), England's famous Fastnet



Bowl, plus three other victories, a second and a fourth in a total of seven races of from 38 to 3,450 miles.

For this amazing record by a new boat, Skipper Nye hastens to credit the designer of *Carina*, Naval Architect Philip L. Rhodes, and the crew which included (at various times) Nye's son, Dick, Andrew Rockefeller, Richard Coulson, Buddy Bernhard, Bruce Richter, Tony Hogan, Ross Sherbrooke and Navigator Bill Gray. At the very mention of Gray, Skipper Nye shakes his head in sheer, admiring wonder.

Broker Nye, with his iron-gray hair, trim mustache and ruddy complexion, is a definite man-of-distinction type. At the end of a long race, however, having let his beard grow and his dangle-glasses sag, he looks at home on any waterfront. It was in the latter character that he was greeted by officials of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club on the finish line at Marstrand. Learning for the first time that *Carina* had won, Nye had to go looking for a barber shop and a tailor who would rent him a tuxedo for the presentation dinner.

Just 16 years ago, when he was

crowding 40, Nye knew nothing at all about sailing. Looking around for a hobby, he decided to buy the boat that had belonged to his late partner. This was the *Voxcroft* and a summer's sailing was enough to make a convert of Nye. Soon he bought a larger boat, the first *Carina*, and then, having won the Bermuda race and made his first trip abroad in her, he wanted to go a bit faster. Thus, the present *Carina*, completed only six days before the start of the Newport-to-Sweden race.

Raised on a farm west of Rochester, N.Y., Broker Nye is still a little amazed at Skipper Nye and the way he has taken to the sea. Still playing it down, he is now prepared to admit: "I like the swish of water along the hull of a boat, the way a boat will work its way to windward. I like the companionship, the endless variation, even the frustration. I like the change of watch, the 'Get to hell up there' at 4 o'clock in the morning—and the big slug of coffee to get going on. I like not shaving."

Broker Nye thought a moment and then, his blue eyes widening behind his spectacles, he said: "I guess I just love every doggone thing about it."

QUIZ FOR WHISTLE TOOTERS

FOOTBALL OFFICIALS have asked: **Q:** About the grizzled veterans of yesteryear who would show up for a game and casually ask his fellow officials "Well, boys, what's new in the rules this year?"

A: It is no longer like that. Football officials now are tested and graded like government-inspected meat to see whether they come up to exacting standards of knowledge, "field work," health and availability—and to what degree. A top-ranking Division 1 referee needs brains, experience and legs.

The 109 high-school personnel of the National Football Association of Intercollegiate Football Officials have just sweated out their eighth annual prorease exam, this one in red-bricked Carlin Hall, classroom building on the sloping campus of Holy Cross College.

Before the exam they gathered in small groups, some talking quietly, some thumbing nervously through the thick NCAA football rules book.

"It should be just about the same type of exam that we've taken the last couple of years," one said hopefully. "The only major rule change is in the substitution rule."

"But it's always a tough one," another reminded him.

This was quite true. This year's test asked, for instance, whether an inter-



FAREWELL

Our badminton player
Cox never end—
Our bird flew away
With a feathered friend.

GILBERT GOODWIN

cepted pass was incomplete when the interceptor snared the ball inside his own end zone but while touching a goal post. (Answer: Pass incomplete.) And:

"Team A end drops directly back off line of scrimmage, putting Team A



tackle in end position on the scrimmage line. There are no backs outflanking him or in motion outside of him. Therefore, tackle on end of line is an eligible pass receiver. (True or false?) (Answer: False.)

An official's over-all rating, based on part on the exam, might put him into Division I or drop him back to Division II. The bottom rank, Division III, is made up of rookie officials gaining the necessary five or six years of experience requisite to qualification for Division II. They begin by officiating in freshman games, then gradually work up to 150-pound roomies and junior varsity games. Even clock operators, who also can fill in for injured game officials, take exams. On the day, the Division I officials were being quizzed at Holy Cross, the lower groups, including clock operators, were being examined in Balthasar, New York; Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia and Syracuse.

Ellwood A. Gotzes, association secretary, ran through signals with the Division I officials on such topics as the "tucker shift" ("Have to bear down on that, fellows"), "convenient epilepsy" and ready-tipped football jerseys ("Make sure they don't tear them themselves to gain a time out").

Another kind of school is scheduled to open during freshman orientation week at the University of New Hampshire. Three members of the New Hampshire Football Officials Association will teach 927 fresh "How To Enjoy Football."

GOLF: THE DEFENSE

DOWN THROUGH the centuries, the gamesmanship of golf has been concerned primarily with the attack, the arts of the tag and the needle to be applied in a thousand and one devious ways to the opponent, always, of course, in the spirit of helpfulness and friendly feelings. But what of the defense against such games? Here, for the benefit of those who have not yet

been handed a copy at the first tee, is a thoroughgoing codification of defensive strategy: now, making the rounds:

My handicap is _____. I'm not interested in hearing that you aren't playing to your handicap; and until I've seen you play a few holes, I'm not interested in playing for more than a dime Nassau. If at any time I'm interested in press bets, I'll let you know. Do not embarrass us by asking that I concede any of your putts. I will volunteer to do so if in my judgment it is deserved.

I admit it is a nice day for golf, that the weather has either been hot or cold, and that the greenskeeper is doing an excellent job.

Kindly refrain from telling me of your past performances on the golf course. The only round which interests me is the one we are about to play.

I would appreciate if you would refrain from such remarks as: "That would have been a birdie—if it hadn't caught the trap." "You got a bad

bounce, or it wouldn't have gone out of bounds, etc." I'm capable of doing my own sympathizing.

The score card contains the rules. I shall expect you to apply them as scrupulously as though I were watching—because I will be.

If I happen to be up on the last tee, I do not wish to give an additional ball-stroke or more and play the last hole double or nothing.

I prefer while at golf not to be drawn into a discussion of business or economic subjects nor hear such discussions pursued by others in the middle of my backswing.

The following imperfections in my swing are well known to me:

Looking up.

Too fast a backswing.

Standing too far ahead of the ball.

Standing too far behind the ball.

No follow through.

Bending left arm.

Lunging at the ball.

continued on next page



continued from page 15

Stance too open.
Stance too closed.
No pivot.
Teeing ball too high.
Teeing ball too low.
Too much right hand.
Not enough right hand.
Left foot too far forward.
Left foot too far back.
Faulty grip.

The aforementioned faults have been pointed out to me by my professional and also by many of my friends—including a few former friends.

I have been playing more than a few years, so calling my attention to my shortcomings will be superfluous. Your time could be more profitably employed.

Concerning the 15th hole, allow me to state that I don't mind a friendly drink; it helps me become reconciled to my golf imperfections.

If I win your money, I will buy you a drink. If you win, I will expect you to do the same.

If it is agreeable to me to engage in a return match, I will so indicate at the appropriate time. And if your mode of conduct is in accord with the aforementioned suggestions, I am certain the time will be soon.

Thank you for your forthcoming demonstration of courtesy and consideration.

WHERE'S MARY?

IN THE PAST YEAR, three small, shy Dutch girls from the town of Hilversum (pop. 80,000) have broken 11 world swimming records.

For that matter, they have broken four world records since August 12.

The first of this astonishing trio to swim faster than any female ever swam before was 15-year-old Mary Kok. Mary lived around the corner from the Kapelstraat pool in Hilversum, taught herself to swim when she was 6, and studied ballet until she was 11. In June 1954, when she was a month short of her 14th birthday, Mary became a Dutch heroine by equaling the best time of any man in a big race at Loosdrecht. She followed it, by setting Dutch records and outswimming grown men and women in a bewildering sequence of events that exhausted the superlatives of the Dutch press. These exploits left Mary tongue-tied; she could only gasp an embarrassed "Ach!" to the questions of reporters.

Right up with Mary is most of her

victories was her friend Atie Voorbij, also 14, a meager little girl from a poor Hilversum family. The third girl, Lenie de Nijis, a year older than Mary and Atie, small and solid, also learned to swim when she was 6, and for nine years swam in Mary's wake. Lenie had gotten so used to being second to Mary that this year, when she won at Loosdrecht, she looked around in disbelief when she climbed out of the pool and asked, "Where's Mary?"

Their first world record came last November when Mary, then the only real headliner, was one of a Dutch team (Atie and Lenie were left out) that set a new mark in the 400-meter medley. Early this year Mary set new world records in the 100-meter butterfly (one minute 13.8 seconds), the 100-yard butterfly (one minute 6.1 seconds) and the individual medley. Two of Mary's records quickly fell; but almost as they did so Atie and Lenie set new ones. In July Atie herself brought the world record for the 100-meter butterfly down to one minute 13.7 seconds.

At Utrecht the girls really performed. Lenie de Nijis swam the 1,500-meter freestyle in the world-record time of 20 minutes, 46.5 seconds. On August 12 Mary Kok at Utrecht set a new world record for the mile freestyle—22 minutes 27.1 seconds. Half an hour later Lenie plunged into the same pool and lowered Mary's record by almost 22 seconds—to 22 minutes 5.5 seconds. Six days later, Lenie set

another world record, her third of the month, when she swam the 800-yard freestyle in 10 minutes 58.1 seconds—2.1 seconds faster than Australia's Lorraine Crapp in 1954. And finally, to place their performance outside the realm of probability, just the other day Atie Voorbij lowered the 100-meter butterfly mark to one minute 13.2 seconds.

Nobody knows why the girls of Hilversum swim so fast. In 1946 a veteran Dutch swimming coach, Jan Stender, became club trainer of the newly organized Hilversum Seals (*Rollen* in the Dutch word) and instituted a training program that makes ancient Sparta seem effete. The girls get to bed by 7:30 each night, rise before 6:30, start swimming at 7, and go through the 400-meters crawl, followed by 400 meters with the arms held still, 400 meters with the legs held still, 400 meters on their backs, another series for the butterfly, plus calisthenics and runs along a bridge path. The swimming routine is repeated at midday and in the evening. Stender has been under heavy attack for the pace he set for the girls, especially Mary. In one week she raced in three long-distance swims, made four attempts at records, and competed in four other events. He says, "Do they think I have a chronometer where my heart should be? I know how much the girls can take." But the girls said they liked training. "And how?" said Atie. "I'm not so good at walking."

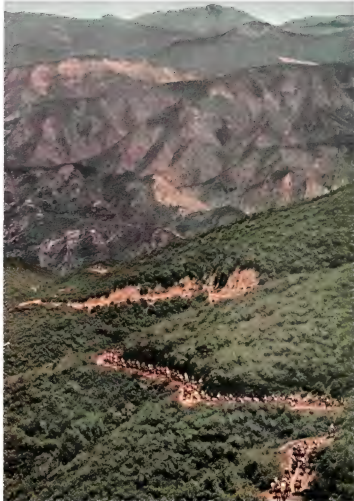
SPECTACLE

RIDE, RANCHEROS!

That's the cry that sends bankers, doctors and generals into the saddle for a five-day trek through Old California

The horsemen winding their way through the Santa Ynez Mountains in the picture on the opposite page are the members of a group known as *Los Rancheros Visitadores*. So named after the socializing Spaniards of Old California, the modern-day Rancheros try to recapture a bit of the past when they gather once a year for their annual ride through the mission country around Santa Barbara. The Rancheros officially open their trek with a blessing from the Franciscan Fathers at the Santa Barbara Mission and the now-traditional cry, "Ride, Rancheros!" Besides having fun on the trail, the Rancheros support 4-H Clubs and restore historical landmarks. See page 21 for more on the Rancheros.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB LANZETT





TRK BEGINS after Rancheros pay a visit of respect to the kinade (1796) Santa Barbara Mission. Sebastian greeting the suballens are local girls decked in Spanish colonial costumes.

LUNCHEON SESSION at midday stop finds members of Leo Gringos detachment of Rancheros resting in folding chairs fit for a convention of Hollywood directors. Rancheros' camps vary in luxury. But most groups tote along bar, piano and musicians to help members and their guests while away the evening hours.



RIVER CROSSING proves no obstacle as Rancheros ford Santa Ynez en way to gymnkhana at Camp Santa Cruz.





This year reinforced the riders to cover 41 miles in one day.

BEER WAGON is a popular community institution. Wagon, used solely to haul ice-cold beer, waits for riders at appointed intervals. Most Rancheros drink ice-sodas, then push along trail.



GREASED PIG squeals and squeals as Art Pollard of Tucson tries to hold on. Nine Rancheros entered pig-rotching contest. Winner was Brigadier General Wayne D. Kester of Washington, D.C.



ORCHID DISPLAY on hat of Ralph Harris of Santa Barbara draws admiring sniff from Allan H. Mogensen of Lake Placid, N.Y., during refreshment stop.



EXPERT HORSEMANSHIP is demonstrated as Rancheros on horse and rider show how to open, pass through and close gate without rider dismounting.



IT'S THE RIDE THAT MAKES THE FUN

by BARRON RESHOAR

From 36 states—and lands overseas—come the horsemen known as *Los Rancheros*. *Visitadores*, an easy-going crew 500 strong that meets once a year in southern California. Riding, eating bulls' heads, or soaking guests, the Rancheros have fun

BACK in the days of Old California, the ranchers of that Mexican province made it a custom to ride from ranch to ranch to help their neighbors with the spring roundup and other chores. Tied down to vast estates as they were for most of the year (a ranch of 35,000 acres was not uncommon), the ranchers and their families made the most of these visits. Their lonely lives were eased by a burst of dances, dinners and parties on what was no doubt known as the hacienda circuit. But like so many Latin customs which smacked of the finer feudal graces, that of the visiting ranchers, or *los rancheros visitadores*, vanished after the arrival of the aggressive Yankee with his more practical but unromantic ways.

The custom probably would have wound up as a colorful footnote in a WPA guide or as a 23-letter word down in the Sunday crossword puzzle if it hadn't been for John J. Mitchell, a financier with a flair for the outdoors. Early in 1939 Mitchell, the owner of Rancho Juan y Lolita near Santa Barbara, thought it would be fun to try to recapture the spirit of Old California. He sent out invitations, and 45 friends showed up. They had such a dandy time on their one-day jaunt that one of the riders, T. Wilson Davis, suggested the gathering formally adopt the title *Los Rancheros Visitadores* in honor of the ranchers of old.

Last May, with *El Presidente* Mitchell again leading the way, *Los Rancheros Visitadores* made their silver anniversary ride. This time there were 532 Rancheros and guests, who came from 36 states, Hawaii, Canada, France, England and Mexico. Accompanying them were 253 bartenders, horse wranglers, musicians and commissary men.

The organization of the Rancheros has changed somewhat over the years. They used to ride en masse, but after World War II growing numbers made it advisable to split into camps of up to 50 men each. There are such varied camps as *Los Flores*, captained by Cotton Broker Charles West of Bakersfield, Calif.; *Los Voladores* led by Western Artist Clyde Forsythe of Pasadena; *Los Gringos*, headed by Retail Vice President John Bowles of Beverly Hills; and *Los Chicanos*, led by Dr. John Vanvorovich, a Los Angeles

chiropractor. One of the highlights this year was the banquet thought up by Contractor Paul Grade of Whittier, Calif., captain of *Los Piradores*. Twenty-five bulls' heads provided by Rancher Hugh Walti of San Miguel, Calif. were wrapped in heavy brown paper and sugar sacks, buried in a trench under two feet of earth, then baked for 24 hours. It's reported the bulls' heads were delicious, on the order of beef tongue but with a more delicate flavor.

Other highlights included the annual Ranchero rodeo, the silver anniversary party given at Juan y Lolita and the inauguration of a new president, George J. O'Brien of Pasadena, a vice president of Standard Oil of California. O'Brien is far from being a synthetic Westerner; his maternal grandfather was a Butterfield overland stage driver between St. Louis and San Francisco.

Before a man is admitted to membership (\$150 a year dues), he is invited to make a couple of trips to find out if he knows one end of a horse from another and enjoys the camaraderie of the ride. The Rancheros see to it that the guest has a chance to savor their informal spirit. One stable horse in the string is trained to get down in water. This horse is passed around among first-year guests and is a sure bet to dunk his rider in every stream.

Celebrities are not excepted from Ranchero informality. Actor Robert Montgomery was once invited. He came equipped with a valet and a supply of pink sheets. *El Presidente* Mitchell galloped off, gathered up all the perfume he could find at home and returned to douse Montgomery's bed, much to the actor's chagrin. Edgar Bergen, a veteran Ranchero who also received the perfumed bed treatment, always takes Charlie McCarthy along. Bergen rides; McCarthy travels in a trunk on a baggage truck. When asked, Bergen entertains, but he makes the ride primarily as a friend and fellow horseman. And that, in essence, is what marks the spirit of the trek. The riders simply like to spend a week living a California life that has long since been relegated to history. *Los Rancheros Visitadores* have fun, but as *El Presidente* has remarked, "It is the ride that makes the fun, not the fun that makes the ride." (L.R.)



NASHUA WAS ON HIS TOES, 'AS
FIT AS HANDS COULD MAKE HIM'

NASHUA AND ARCARO: FIRST ALL THE WAY

by WHITNEY TOWER

Young Bill Woodward's instructions were: 'Go to the front if possible—but forget the if possible.' For Swaps rosters the result was like a downpour from blue skies

Forty-eight hours before he won the recent Washington Park last week Nashua, the mustered-up bay challenger from the East, was led from Barn A around the infield's turf course to a position near the finish line which would—on the approaching Big Day—serve as a paddock in full view of all America.

By nature, Nashua is a very curious animal. As he walked before the stands in this unusual first rehearsal for Wednesday's crowning procedure he stopped four times of his own accord. On each occasion, after a hasty survey of his surroundings, Nashua reared back like a frisky, unbroken yearling—*see opposite page*. Each time, of course, Green Stewie Alford Robertson got him back to earth but each time, as Robertson said, "He gave me the same of my life. He was so full of it I thought he might go clear over backwards."

Hours afterward, with this morning's public coronation deferred until Nashua's personal groom gave his thoughts another airing, "I'm glad he behaved the way he did out there. It shows one thing: he's not nervous, he's just on his toes. Look at him: that's as fit as a fiddle can make him."

The hands that made him fit belonged to 51-year-old Sney Jim Ennsmeiers, the Bel Air Stud trainer, who spent the last days before the race shuttling back and forth between one end of Barn A and his living quarters at nearby 435 Maple Fields Country Club, sandwiching between trips a flood of radio and television appearances and more than one breakfast and luncheon press conference with newsmen on hand from California, New York, Florida and all stations along the way.

Some 21 stalls down the line from Nashua, the champion crowned because he had so richly beaten Nashua in the Kentucky Derby—followed a similar routine for the final friendships: Swaps and owner/entrainer/assistant of Rex Elkins and Mesiah Tenney, together with an assortment of children and mascots (including a former Swaps rooster from Hollywood named Margaret O'Brien), squished through the mud of the stable area to make a TV show at 7 o'clock one morning. Following it, the entire group from California steged through the mud again down to Mr. Fitz's remount post. And, with Nashua looking sleepily out of his stall at cameras which he would have

preferred to have aimed at him, the rival camps posed in a tidy semicircle around Ben Lindheimer, the racing director who had succeeded in bringing off the most exciting turf coup since the Seahorse-War Admiral match race in 1938.

Ben Lindheimer nudged everyone within reach and happily proclaimed: "What I like most about this match race—aside from the fact that tomorrow we are going to see the two finest 3-year-olds in the country—is the wonderful spirit of good sportsmanship displayed by owners, trainers and jockeys. All people concerned have told me they are ready. Their horses are pronounced fit and no matter what are the track conditions, both sides have publicly stated their horse able to run over any surface—thus assuring all the awaiting world of a truly run home race."

It made a nice prelude for events to come and everybody smiled again for the cameras. Then they all went off to a pressroom where Ben Lindheimer said, in effect, the same thing again and once more the room was swilled with expressions of complete good cheer.

Getting up from lunch, Nashua's owner, William Woodward, put out a long arm and grabbed one of his employees: George Edward Arcaro. "There's sure a lot of compliments being around this place," said Woodward, "When do you think they'll stop?"

Eddie Arcaro looked up at the young master of Bel Air Stud and gave his reply. "Boss, they'll stop the minute the bell goes, that's for damn sure."

Eddie, as usual, always, was right. The minute the bell went at 5:18 the next afternoon he was no longer the sports-coated celebrity at a clubhouse luncheon. He was a fighting, bellowing cavalryman. Ahead of him lay a mile and a quarter of combat terrain. Beyond that lay a check for \$103,038—a tenth of it for the winning jockey, not to mention a gold cup for the mantle back home at Rockville Centre, N.Y. But more important than all this was the prestige which Eddie Arcaro had built up as the foremost race rider of his generation, the smartest, the trickiest, the hardest—and the hungriest—when the heavy green hills are waiting to be peeled up in the winner's circle.

Under Arcaro at 5:18 last Wednesday was Nashua, about

continued on next page

WINNING STRATEGY: A MASTERFUL RIDE

After close study of the official patrol films of the match race, Artist C. W. Andersen, renowned horse specialist, reconstructs the crucial moments in one of Arcaro's finest racing triumphs

1



THE START: Nashua drew the inside post position which, on this day, was actually stall No. 2. Following Trainer Phoenician's order, "Run from the jump," Jockey Eddie Arcaro propelled his horse from the stall like a rocket, drawing 11. With whip in full and powerful play, Arcaro avoided the waddy going on the rail, made instead for the solid running surface stretching in front of the vacant third stall. A split second later Willie Shoemaker, already outbroken, tried nevertheless to grab Swaps on the same desirable strip. It was too late, and drawing 2 showed how, after nearly brushing Nashua in the door of a crack, Shoemaker was forced to ride Swaps sharply to his right to get him across tracks again and into an adjacent firm path. The maneuver, which looked almost like a falter, cost Swaps valuable time in his bid to be out in front going into the first turn.

2



THE MATCH RACE

(continued from page 22)

whom Mr. Fitz had said only minutes before, "If he can't do it today he'll never be able to." And beside this pair who were fighting to regain prestige for their Kentucky Derby loss was another treasure-hunting tandem. Swaps, the miracle horse from California, had overcome an early-winter injury to his right forefoot to topple world and track records with such amazing ease that his countrymen were already calling

him the equal of Man o' War. Aboard Swaps was tiny, 55-pound Willie Shoemaker, already a legend west of the Rockies, already a respected rider destined—someday—for the greatness Arcaro enjoys today.

Before the two horses had paraded to the starting gate—where Nashua would enter the second stall and Swaps the fourth—back overstate south-d is the infield near the blinking tote board, which reflected from time to time the opinion of some 35,000 witnesses that if Swaps had beaten Nashua

once he would surely do it a second time. As the bright sun cast its light on a paddock overloaded with newsmen, photographers, friends of the families—and the combatants themselves—the session of the last few months started toward its climax. Nashua, sheltered from the surging mob by his lead pony, Francis, looked unworried. Swaps was more fidgety. He doesn't usually kick up a fuss while being saddled.

The jocks legged up, and a path to the main track was cleared. As each



ON THE BACKSTRETCH: Still leading and setting the fast pace as ordered, Nashua covered the first six furlongs in 1:19 2/5. Swaps made his second run at Nashua in the backstretch, but it is taking him—His final bid came moments later on the far turn and Blower failed. Said Shermaker afterward: "My horse had no reserve."



horse made his way to the battlefield the stands gave him a salute. The television people began picking up their gear and, almost unnoticed in the commotion, Woodward walked hurriedly to where Ellsworth was standing. "Mr. Ellsworth," he said, "I would like to wish you the very best of luck."

"That's very nice of you," replied Ellsworth, "and may I say the very same to you."

"All I hope," said Woodward, "is that both horses give their very best."

Ray Ellsworth shot a glance up the

track where Swaps was now going quickly toward the gate and soon made a final comment: "And so do I."

The great match race of the generation was over all purposes of evaluation—over at the start. The old master, Arcaro, got the jump on the young master, Shermaker, and never gave him a chance. The crowd (and most of the 100 or more visiting turf writers) expected Swaps to break on the lead, with Eddie tailing him until he was ready for one big decisive move. Eddie and the Belair Stud board of strategy

figured their own plan: run from the jump and don't ease up until one horse cracks. "My orders," said Woodward, "were, 'Go to the front if possible—but forget the if possible!'"

Arcaro knew what the orders meant. With whip raised as the gate sprang, he lit into Nashua with the violence of a pneumatic drill. His openmouthed battle cry, screamed out into the ears of the gate crew with the violence of a harriet, drifted toward the stands as the wail of sire and also blended for a

continued on next page

THE MATCH RACE

continued from page 22

few moments with the sound of digging hoofs the first time around.

But Arcaro did more than break on top. He broke smartly. At Washington Park last Wednesday there were two good running surfaces on a track which both jockeys rated at least one second off. One good running strip led out from stall No. 3, the next true surface ran out from stall No. 4, and between the two lay an untried footing of mud. When Arcaro brought Nashua out he made immediately for the closer lane. Shoemaker made for it too but, after drawing close to Nashua for a split second, he was forced to draw to the outside for unobstructed running. That's where Arcaro kept Shoemaker. That's where Arcaro kept Shoemaker. Into the clubhouse turn they went. Eddie staying wide and forcing Swaps even wider. Shoe made the first of three runs at Nashua, but Eddie was having none of it. Into the backstretch Willie tried again, but Nashua was running swiftly now, smoothly—the way he has run when he really wants to win. At the top of the backstretch,

with the pair running still a length or less apart in one of the most stirring duels ever seen between two champions, Shoemaker gave it the final all-out try. When he did, Nashua drew out to a length-and-a-half margin. "Blow us came to the quarter pole," said Eddie. "I knew I had won."

"So did I know it," said Shoemaker, after bringing Swaps home six-and-a-half lengths behind the challenger.

"Man, you'd have never imagined me time to count the number of times I hit my horse," cracked Arcaro as he slid off Nashua in the winner's circle. Then, running up to Mr. Fitz, he exclaimed, "Boss, you brought him up like split apple." Arcaro was followed to the overstrewn Fitzsimmons stand by losing trainer Tenney, who said, quite simply, "Congratulations. I wish I could have won it but I'm very happy for you."

To most of the thousands at track-side and to millions watching on television, the result came with the shock of a chilling summer downpour from blue skies. Reported SE's James Murray from the Coast: "When the time was posted, Californians couldn't believe it. To be sure, the track appeared

as soggy as a bride's first biscuit dough. But I would have bet Swaps could run faster than 3:04 1/5 through the San-gamo Sea—backwards. You have to conclude that it wasn't altogether the track that was not to Swaps's liking. Sadly, I have to conclude that he didn't like competition—Nashua and Arcaro's band of competition. He just didn't seem to like the sensation of that other horse rising ahead of him and full of run."

THE QUESTION OF THE FOOT

The Swaps camp did somewhat thinking too. Talking to the press hall an hour afterward, Ellsworth, Tenney and Shoemaker agreed that Swaps had not run his true race. "Something may be wrong with him," said Ellsworth. The next day, after a setup visit to Swaps's stable, Ellsworth announced what the something was: a recurrence of the old bruise injury to the hoof of the right forefoot. Swaps had run with his customary, specially fashioned saddle-leather cushion between hoof and shoe (SI, May 16), plus an adhesive covering to keep out dirt and moisture. On the morning of the race he had seemed frisky and unbeatable, but now, said

SWINGING AROUND the clubhouse turn, Swaps made his first find at passing Nashua, but drew, keeping previous to the

inside—and slower—route, had no margin in his inside fight off the challenge and leaving the first half mile in 16 seconds—



Ellsworth, the colt was sore and would have to be taken out of competition till the bruise healed, conceivably a matter of weeks or months.

This was news in itself. It meant that whatever chance there might have been for Swaps and Nashua to meet again as 3-year-olds during the fall eastern season was now out the window. But it also roused a legion of Swaps's fans in the press and public to an eager recommendation of the whole match race. If Swaps had come out of the race with a sore foot, it suddenly became all-important to decide when the foot began to bother him.

Ellsworth and Tenney themselves joined the speculation. The injury, they thought, might very well have come in the first few strides out of the starting gate, when Swaps tried and failed to win the rail position from Nashua. Later in the race, Ellsworth said, "he made three tries trying to run, but it was stinging him so bad." To a circle of watchers from the press, Ellsworth and Tenney pointed out a tender spot on the sole of Swaps's hoof suggesting a small area of inflammation in the pulpy interior.

For a day or two reconsiderations

spread, taking on an edge of rancor. Columnists of racing's bible, *The Morning Telegraph*, chose up sides. One of them, California-based Oscar Ott, flatly declared Nashua's victory " hollow." Another, Easterner Evan Shipman, coldly assessed the stories from the California camp as "a campaign of excuses designed to disparage Nashua and to whitewash the tarnished reputation of their colt."

Ben Ellsworth was as distressed as anybody by the uproar. He said he had never allied for a horse in his life and never would—adding: "If I had an aitch for this race, which I don't, I'd feel a lot better."

When the match race takes its place in racing's history books, the fundamentalists will almost inevitably give decisive weight to the circumstance mentioned by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons elsewhere in this issue: over an off track (in patches slow) Nashua and Swaps raced together at killing early speed: five-eighths of a mile in 58 seconds, three-quarters of a mile in 1:19 2/5—two seconds faster than Swaps's time at the same point in the Kentucky Derby over a fast track. Then Nashua began to lengthen his lead. Funda-



ARON WOODWARD celebrated victory in black cocktail dress with low décolletage.

mentalists are likely to conclude that if the speeding Swaps was bothered by his tenderness it was not until Nashua had all but settled the affair with his own speed.

Meanwhile, as Owner Woodward and Trainer Fitzsimmons led their 3-year-old champion back East for a fall season of tests at long distances (up to two miles) against older horses, the handsome Swaps was being headed for rest and, if necessary, an operation on his sore foot back home in California.

The racing world will never be quite happy until they meet again. (CRD)

MR. FITZ'S STORY

by JAMES FITZSIMMONS

Through Turf Editor Whitney Tower, El asked Trainer James Fitzsimmons of Briar Stud to tell how Nashua was trained for the race with Swaps. Mr. Fitz graciously consented, and following is his account

I **WOULDN'T** RETURN to be a handy fellow at writing anything. I've been a trainer nearly all my life and I've never tried to write about any of the horses—either the good ones or the bad ones—I've trained. But if people are interested in Nashua, and if, as they say, he is the sort of horse that now "belongs to the public," I'm very glad to answer the obvious questions about how he won the match race. But the last thing I want is that my opinions on the subject be taken to mean that Nashua was because of anything special I, as his trainer, did.

Nashua's victory was simple—except for a little common sense. Nashua won because he is the best three-year-old in the country. He has beaten all the good three-year-olds there are, and although he has yet to prove his greatness—which he can only do by giving away weight and winning handicaps next year—I believe he may become one of the best.

Let's go back a bit. We had Nashua in Florida this winter. My orders from Mr. Woodward were simply to train this horse for campaigning—and the campaigning that he had in mind, I knew perfectly well, would be the toughest sort of campaigning possible: in other words the major Flori-

da stakes, the Wood Memorial, and then the triple crown, followed by the Arlington Classic and then on to Saratoga and back to New York for the important fall stakes. These were the sort of races the late Mr. Woodward Sr. would have wanted any good horse of his to enter, and so I knew I was going to do my best to see that Nashua was always ready for the toughest races.

Nashua got into wonderful condition in Florida. He was fit, and it seemed to me he was ready to run any distance. I still am very confident that he can run any distance although he's probably tougher to beat at



LOREN TENNEY (left) congratulates Mr. Fitz: "I wish I could have won but I'm very happy for you."

continued on next page

continued from page 21

anything over a mile and a quarter than in the shorter races.

After the Wood, which he won in a tough race against Summer Tan, we went to the Kentucky Derby. Nashua did not lose the Derby because of any fault of his. He lost it because I chucked it for him with my instructions to Eddie Arrese to watch Summer Tan. I didn't know much about this horse Swap, but a few fellows who thought they did told me they figured him for a mile or a mile-and-a-furlong horse—in other words one who probably wouldn't like the mile-and-a-quarter Derby distance. I was wrong to believe it. In that race we lay back—as it turned out we lay back too far—watching Summer Tan while Swap did the first three-quarters in an easy 1:32 3/5.

[You don't have to understand horse racing's fractional times to enjoy a horse race, but it helps when reading the Daily Racing Form or when listening to horse trainers. Rough rule of thumb: good racing time is an average of 12 seconds for every furlong (eight of a mile) for any race of a mile or over.—ED.]

When Eddie finally saw Summer Tan was not going to be the threat that I had said he would be, he went after Swap. It was no use. Swap had a good finishing kick, and we were clearly licked. We had no excuse. I've never allowed for any loss and never will. But I figured I chucked that race, and I felt all along that things might be different if the two horses ever met again. I know Eddie felt the same, and I guess Mr. Woodward wanted another meeting about as bad as anyone else.

But a match race is something different. In principle I am opposed to match races. Too many things can go wrong, and if you duck out at the last minute you are accused of all sorts of things. In ordinary races, if your horse isn't right you just don't run him. In a match race there is a special obligation to see the thing through, even though a lot of things can suddenly come up which make the race a very unfair test. I don't like 'em, and I'd prefer to run against any kind of competition in almost any kind of a race except match races.

But a lot of people had been talking about a match race between Swap and Nashua, so I wasn't too surprised when Mr. Woodward told me in July that the official announcement would probably come after we ran in the Arlington Classic. He said to me, "Mr. Fitz, we're going to be in a match race with Swap on August 31, and I guess this is one that you, Eddie and I would like to win pretty bad."

I told him, sure, I'd like to win against Swap, but what about the Saratoga season? I wanted him to put Nashua in the Travers at Saratoga. It's the oldest stake in the country and a good race to win—not so much for its value, but because of its prestige and tradition. Mr. Woodward Sr. used to like running in the Travers, and I thought it would be fitting to have Nashua in it too. But Mr. Woodward gave me another answer. He said, "No, Mr. Fitz, I know what Saratoga means to you, but I want Nashua to come up to the match race without any competition following the Arlington Classic on July 16. We'll take him to Saratoga—but to train, not race."

Well, as I say, that was what Mr. Woodward wanted—so that's what we were going to do. And we did. Well, he was already in condition. He had been since we left Miami in March. We knew he could run a mile and a half because he had done it in the Belmont. We also knew he could run a mile and a quarter because he came back and did it in



JOCKEY ARCARO, bearing in the winner's circle after the race, got simple instruction from Mr. Fitz: "Keep Swap busy."

the Dwyer. So our problem between July 16 and August 31 was not one of training Nashua but one of not overtraining him. I knew he wouldn't get out of condition, but my worry was that I would overdo it. And, above all, I was afraid something might happen which might force us to withdraw. As it was, nothing did happen, and I was awfully glad because I didn't want Mr. Woodward to have to make any excuses or to pull out at the last minute.

At Saratoga, Nashua showed me that he was ready and seasoned. He is a hardy horse, started up good, and can take it. His works were very light, because, as I say, I didn't want to overdo it. We brought him along slowly: three-quarters of a mile in 1:17 2/5 on August 4; seven-eighths in an open gallop in 1:37 on August 6; three-quarters in 1:15 on August 9; and another seven-eighths in 1:34 4/5 on August 12. On August 16 he did an easy mile and a furlong in 2:02 2/5; and then on August 24, the day before we shipped to Chicago, I put Eddie on him and they went the full mile and a quarter in 2:06. I knew we were ready, and except for one more work at Washington Park (an eased-up mile in 1:39 on August 28) our only concern was holding him where he was.

The day of the match race I felt fairly confident. I figured we'd win if we ran my kind of a race. In match racing the purpose is to discover which is the best horse, and I wanted to find out in a hurry. I decided we were going to run from the jump, and whichever horse could take it would win. Some time ago I said that I wouldn't be surprised to see one horse win by a big margin when the other horse cracked. Well, I knew we were ready to run, and I didn't think we were going to do the cracking.

The inside post position may have given us a break, but I wouldn't have minded being on the outside. I did not tell Arrese that he had to take the lead from the gate. What I did tell him was, "Keep Swap busy." This meant that if Swap broke out as I still wanted Eddie to go right with him all the way. As it turned out, Eddie did get the jump on the other horse, and he followed my instructions perfectly. He ran the first half in :46, five-eighths in :58

and three-quarters in 1:10 2/5. There's quite a comparison between that kind of time on an off track and the 1:12 2/5 three-quarters that Swaps led off with in the Kentucky Derby on a fast track. But here's the point: in match racing the object is to make the other horse crash. Our final time of 2:04 1/5 isn't great, but it shouldn't matter. If you have great speed for the first half of a race you can't expect to have much left at the finish. I would have done the same thing in a mile-and-a-half race—or a match race at any distance: run from the jump, and the horse who is ready to run will win.

Feeling as I do about match races, I was anxious to be rid of it but happy to win. I think what happened in Chicago last week was one of the biggest things racing has ever done, and the way that Mr. Lindheimer and the rest of them at Washington Park put on the race was a tribute to them. I have never received such courtesy in my life. All you had to do was think you wanted something—and there it was. The nicest people I ever met. They completely spoiled me.

I cannot close without a word about Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Tenney. They are two of the nicest fellows I ever met. I was sorry to hear after returning to New York that Swaps seems to have come up with a bad foot. I know both these fellows from California aren't the kind to make excuses for a losing race. An hour before the race it was my understanding that they pronounced their horse fit and ready to

go. I did the same with my horse. Now I read in the papers where some turf writers are saying Swaps suffered an injury to his foot just after leaving the gate. Well, I'm not going to dispute the subject with anybody, but I do think this is hard to believe, because a horse who injures himself at the start of a race is simply not going to run almost neck and neck with another horse over a 1:10 2/5 six furlongs. If Swaps is hurt, and I'm the last person who would want to see him out of action, I think he may have injured himself during the last quarter of a mile—when he was already a beaten horse. I hope, for the sake of Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Tenney and everybody who loves racing, that Swaps mends quickly and gets back to racing.

As for Nashua's future, it's up to Mr. Woodward. I know the horse will go any distance, and I also remember our original aim down in Florida of training him for a heavy campaign. There's no reason why we can't go on with the campaign right now. Our next objective may be the Newmarket at a mile and an eighth, the Lawrence Realization at a mile and five-eighths and then the Jockey Club Gold Cup—two miles.

If we win 'em all I guess we'll be up around Citation's record somewhere. Sure, I'd like to have the record money-winning horse. It's not so much for the money value, you understand—but I would like to see Mr. Woodward able some day to send a really good horse to stud. His father would have wanted it that way. (EHR)

DRIVING FINISH brought Nashua under the wire off-leader Ellsworth Swaps. Edna Arnold shipped Nashua out of

the gate and let a blazing pace set on off track. Mr. King: "In match racing the object is to make the other horse crash."



THE ELEVEN

September's practice fields tell the story of a football team. SI's expert, fresh from a nationwide survey, here delivers his up-to-the-minute report

by HERMAN HICKMAN



HERMAN HICKMAN

HOW HERMAN PICKED 'EM

Ripened and confident after a year among the pundits, Herman Hickman this season sets forth as his annual tote of the football fields with a solid record behind him. Of his 11 top eleven in 1954, only Illinois, Tennessee and Iowa failed to live up to his previous expectations. The final score of Hickman's forecasts, the weekly predictions which he will again begin for SI next week, showed a healthy .500 average. Hickman's choice for the 11 top teams of 1955 is not, however, based merely on past records. To pick them out he visited and talked during the past fortnight with coaches, assistant coaches, players and other sage and some prophet in colleges from one end of the country to the other. Sifting and evaluating all opinions and weighing them against his own personal observations, SI's expert, an All-America football player and formerly a daytime coach, has now come up with his list. "My neck's on the block now," says he. "The rest is up to history."

Football's '55 *bona fide* season takes the stage on Saturday, September 17. It will swagger to its full strength the following Saturday and return to be relegated to the background even for a moment until the last bowl game has been played. The swirl of a major league pennant race or a Marcano-Moore heavyweight championship fight—yes, even the World Series—will be only of passing interest in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, Columbus, Atlanta, Miami and many more citadels of football.

Gone are the days when the football powers played only "breasties" until the second or third week of October. Take a glance at some of the openers on the 17th. A double-header in Atlanta pits Georgia Tech against the University of Miami in the afternoon and Mississippi against Georgia under the lights. Pittsburgh plays California, Texas takes on Texas Tech, Missouri meets Maryland, UCLA enters the Youss-A&M—the night of the 14th—and Florida meets Mississippi State—to mention only a few of what used to be midweek attractions. Only the solid East and the solid Midwest wait for the 24th.

The changing times not only have brought on the demise of the "soft" schedules but, concurrently, the complete about-face of college football coaches' traditional pessimism. Gone are the Gloomie Glib who never had the material which was bestowed in such bounteous bundles on their opponents, yet always managed to win from that self-

same opposition, leaving the only and adulous conclusion that the coach's genius pulled it off. The 1955 version of the college coach shouts pretty straight with both press and public in evaluating his team's chances. This is, to say the least, refreshing.

So, once again, I have made my selection of the 11 best college football teams for the current season; in other words, my 11 All-America teams. By contrast with the usual 11 individual All-America players, for the most part they are perennial powerhouses. Seven of the 11 were on my 1954 list. Few will finish the season unbeaten. Many meet each other. The round robin starts with Maryland and UCLA on September 24 and ends with the Army-Navy clash on November 25. In the interim will be upsets, near upsets and glorious goal line standsts; but when the smoke of battle is cleared by December's chilling winds I expect the 11 teams which I have chosen to be at or near the top.

The line of demarcation between these 11 teams and the rest of the field is difficult to draw. My old West Point coaching compatriot, Andy Gustafson, has his Miami Hurricanes confidently poised for the big blow. If they can win the opener from Georgia Tech and can beat such stalwarts as Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Texas Christian, Alabama and at the same time never forget their feuds with hungry Florida, they will deserve to be on top of the heap. But



BEST ELEVENS



the assignment is a staggering one. Auburn, which handed Miami its only defeat (14-13) last year, is loaded for bear. The Tigers were slow to start in 1954, along with Maryland, but both were among the toughest teams extant at the season's end.

If Texas Tech can get by its opening duo of Texas and Texas Christian it can conceivably go clean the rest of the way. West Virginia, with the sensational southpaw quarterback Fred Wyant pinching passes, has a good chance of remaining unbeaten at the end of a not too difficult schedule. Likewise, Len Dawson could set the Big Ten on fire with his pinpoint passing to the giant Purdue ends. Minnesota, my dark horse of last year, could make all predictions look silly. And lest we forget, out on the Coast they are saying that this is a Trojans year, and it's not idle talk either. But why go on?

For the fans there is only one important rule change from last season. It adds up to this: a player, provided he started the quarter, may re-enter the game once during that same quarter. This is a slight concession to the free-substitution addicts. Last year, as you may remember, a player could re-enter the game in the same quarter only in the last four-minute segments of the second and fourth.

Offensively, the split T formation still dominates the field, with the regular or Bear T next in popularity. The variations used, however, make any resemblance to the

originals purely coincidental. Quite a few colleges, such as Michigan, Michigan State, Iowa and Southern California use the so-called multiple offense, shifting from an unbalanced (four men on one side of the center, two on the other) single wing to a T or Split T. Red Sanders at UCLA and Rosslyn Wyatt, at Arkansas last season and now at Tennessee, are the only coaches of note using the Tennessee balanced-line single wing. It might be worthwhile noting that both won their conference championships.

Defensively, the swing has been to a box type of defense which is basically a 5-4-3, devised primarily to use against the split T. The scheme is so well masked that only the coach himself can tell the formation of the moment, and most of the time he doesn't know until he studies the pictures the next day. Sometimes the team lines up with nine men on the line of scrimmage when the ball is ready for play, but usually four of them are ready to leap back into the secondary as linebackers. With all this going on, it's better not to try to figure out the defensive alignments at all.

So, despite the dire predictions of the two-platoonists a couple of years ago, Football is back again, bigger and better than ever. But enough of this. Let's take a look at the 11 best elevens. For better or for worse, I'm stuck with them.

**NOW TURN THE PAGE FOR
HERMAN HICKMAN'S 11 ELEVENS**

ARMY

WEST POINT, N.Y.



KARL BLANK
COACH



PAT UEBEL
FULLBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: T, balanced line

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 11; **STARS:**

Pat Uebel, F; Ralph Christensen, T; Bob Kysky, H; Don Hollender, Q; Art Johnson, E.

LETTERMEN LOST: 9

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Bill Saunders, E; Stan Slater, G.

1984 RECORD:

Won 7, lost 2.

1985 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—Purdue at home
Oct. 1—Penn State at home
Oct. 8—Michigan at Ann Arbor
Oct. 15—Syracuse at home
Oct. 22—Columbia at home
Oct. 29—Colgate at home
Nov. 5—Yale at New Haven
Nov. 12—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia
Nov. 20—Navy at Philadelphia

COACH RED BLANK SAYS:

Personnel decisions both in the line and backfield have forced many positional changes. To many of our leaders it suggests a marked weakness. However, the Army squad has indicated, "You made the changes—we'll do the playing." What more could a coach wish?

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Army teams, even before the great era of Colonel Black began 14 years ago, were trademarked by defensive stubbornness, and it's my guess this year's edition will have this phase of the game well in hand. Last year's weakness was primarily in the linebacker and tackle positions. Many experiments to improve these areas continued during spring practice and are being conducted now. Ralph Christensen and Pat Uebel, starting guards in '84, have been moved to tackle. Two-year-olds, stand-out Stan Slater and Ed Bill Saunders, will also tackle in rotation compared to taking Don Hollender, an All-American end, and making a switchback out of him in order to fill the shoes of the departed Pete Vasa. Bob Kysky (8.9 for the hundred in track, can run like the wind at left half. Captain Pat Uebel at fullback has speed, strength, high knee action and a determined desire to run over somebody. Mike Kozler played practically a mark at right half last year as Bill. If Kysky, injured again last week, can remain whole for the better part of the season the team that led the nation last year in total offense as well as scoring may be scarcely less potent than a year ago.

UCLA

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



HENRY E. SANDERS
COACH



BOB DAVENPORT
FULLBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: Single wing, balanced line.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 23; **STARS:**

Bob Davenport, F; Jim Becker, H; Kenneth Lough, E; Hardison Carson, T.

LETTERMEN LOST: 12

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Jim Matheny, C; Ecker Harris, G.

1984 RECORD:

Won 8, lost 6. Pacific Coast Conference champion.

1985 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 14—Texas A&M at home (night)
Sept. 24—Maryland at College Park
Oct. 1—Washington State at Pullman
Oct. 7—Oregon State at home (night)
Oct. 14—Stanford at Palo Alto (night)
Oct. 21—Iowa at home (night)
Oct. 29—California at home
Nov. 5—Col. Pacific at Stockton (night)
Nov. 12—Washington at home
Nov. 19—USC at Los Angeles

COACH RED SANDERS SAYS:

We have a large rebuilding job on us. With the entire starting line gone, we'll have some pretty inexperienced lineups. We are also undertaking the most difficult schedule we've faced. We must face these challenges with the same spirit and determination that have characterized our past teams.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Gone from the scene at UCLA is one of the great forward audibles of collegiate football in recent years. The line is in a process of reevaluation. Hardison Carson, recently elected the first Negro captain in UCLA history, has been switched from guard to a tackle post, to the chagrin of many spring practice progressivists who had him as a guard him as an All-American guard. The big center also brought 224 pounds. Don Slater, a third-string fullback last year, to a guard spot. Kenneth Lough, a 260-pound senior, looks safe as a starter at one end, and Johnny Hermann, a fine pass receiver, moved from wideback, will probably be the other end.

Two great fullbacks, All-American Bob Davenport and Doug Peters, anchor the backfield. Veteran Jim Becker is a fixture at quarterback. The fullback position is deep galore. Doug Bradley, a stocky 5-foot-7-inch 175-pounder who was an early season starter last year, will probably be the new starter. The guard-backfield transfer, Kenneth Lough, has been the troublemaker, but he is big and rugged, a fine passer and punter. He could catch fire and become the starter.

GEORGIA TECH

ATLANTA, GA.



ROBERT EARL DWYER
COACH



WADE MITCHELL
QUARTERBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: Spread T, belly series.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 21; **STARS:**

Jimmy Morris, C; Wade Mitchell, Q; Franklin Brooks, G; Jimmy Thompson, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 26

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Stan Flowers, H; W. A. Glazier, G.

1984 RECORD:

Won 7, lost 3. Beat Arkansas in Cotton Bowl 14-6.

1985 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 17—Miami (Fla.) at home
Sept. 24—Florida at Gainesville
Oct. 1—SMU at home
Oct. 5—LSU at Baton Rouge (night)
Oct. 12—Auburn at home
Oct. 22—Florida State at home
Oct. 29—Duke at home
Nov. 5—Tennessee at Knoxville
Nov. 12—Alabama at Birmingham
Nov. 20—Georgia at home

COACH BOBBY DWYER SAYS:

We'll have a very colorful ball club in 1985. We'll be capable of scoring from anywhere. We lack experience at end and our tackles are weak. Center will be strong if Morris isn't injured.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Despite the loss of 23 lettermen this will be a typical Tech team—explosive but never overpowering on the offense. "Smart" look describes their defensive play. Teams can control the ball for four or five yards per try against them (and that's just what Miami, with a driving, control type of offense, might do on September 17, but without that defense permit long touchdowns and passes. "Defense in depth" have spelled much of Tech's success. The usual complement of headstrong backs are in, and, with Paul Hester at left half and, always a fixture on a Tech team, a reliable back this year, Jimmy Thompson, 148 pounds, at right half, Stan Flowers, a 190-pound sophomore, may make his mark. However, two quarterbacks, Wade Mitchell as a field general, fullbacker, punter and kickbacker, and Jimmy Morris at water and Franklin Brooks at guard are All-American candidates, although they are dwarfed by 5-foot-6-inch, 224-pound Tackle Carl Vernon. Tech may have a couple of games, but, almost, they will probably be in some hard games—New Year's, and by the way, they have never lost one under the tutelage of Bobby Dwyer.

IOWA

IOWA CITY, IOWA

MARYLAND

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

MICHIGAN

ANN ARBOR, MICH.



NORBERT KUCERSKI
COACH



CALVIN JONES
GUARD

BASIC OFFENSE: Single wing, unbalanced T and light T. Multiple offense.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 19; STARS: Calvin Jones, G; Earl Smith, H; Frank Gilman, E; Eddie Vincent, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 11

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES: Alex Karmas, G; Bill Van Buren, C; Collins Hagler, H; Jim Gibbons, E.

500 RECORD:

Won 4, lost 4.

500 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 21 Kansas State at home
Oct. 1 Wisconsin at Madison
Oct. 8 Indiana at home
Oct. 15 Purdue at home
Oct. 22 UCLA at Los Angeles night
Oct. 29 Michigan at Ann Arbor
Nov. 5 Minnesota at home
Nov. 12 Ohio State at Columbus
Nov. 19 Notre Dame at South Bend

COACH FOREST EVANSHEVERE SAYS:

I believe that for the first time in my four years at Iowa we will not be outmanned, providing some of the new men come through. We have experienced them in most sports, fast-paced in basketball and we have veteran quarterbacks.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The Hawkeyes, with seven starters returning, are loaded and confident. They had better be. Take a glance at their schedule via conference games, which include the tough ones, and for nonconference activities Notre Dame and UCLA, all this after opening with Kansas State. There may be a tougher schedule in 1955, but I'll stick with this one. To combat that "hard-core" row, Iowa has veterans at all line positions. Led by All-America Captain Calvin Jones at guard, it will at least 217 pounds from end to end. Eddie Vincent, No. 1 rusher in last year's Big Ten with an average 6.9 yards per try and a set of 365 yards, returns to the right half position. Speedster Earl Smith, who led the league in scoring with 44 points, will be at 1-0 half. Jerry Bielewicz is a competent quarterback who completed 48% of his passes last year. Coach Forest Evanshevere's multiple offense is supposed to catch opponents, supported by a fine group of sophomores. But I repeat: he will need everything to get through that schedule. If Iowa goes undefeated I will rate them the No. 1 team of the nation.



JAMES M. TATUM
COACH



BOB PELLEGRINI
CENTER

BASIC FORMATION: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 17; STARS: Bob Pellegrini, C; Frank Tashner, G; Q; Bill Walker, E; Ed Votek, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 14

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES: Fred Hamilton, H; Don Healy, T; Jack Healy, H; John McVicker, H.

500 RECORD:

Won 7, lost 2, tied 1.

500 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 17 Missouri at Columbia
Sept. 24 UCLA at home
Oct. 1 Baylor at Waco (night)
Oct. 5 Wake Forest at home
Oct. 13 North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Oct. 22 Syracuse at Syracuse
Oct. 29 South Carolina at home
Nov. 5 LSU at home
Nov. 12 Connecticut at home
Nov. 19 George Washington at home

COACH JIM TATUM SAYS:

Barring any injuries to key personnel, Maryland's 1955 team should be better than in 1954. We have a good line, one that could be the best in my tenure at Maryland. Center Bob Pellegrini is a great football player, maybe the best lineman in the country. Quarterback Frank Tashner is a great quarterbacking candidate at the signal-calling position. He is a tremendous one-platoon football player.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

No team in the country last year displayed a more awesome offense than did the Terps toward the end of the season. I saw their spring practice feale against the alumni team composed for the most part of active professional players. Though they lost, the performance of the Maryland squad was outstanding. The big difference over last year lies in the line, especially the tackle position. I have talked with many opposing coaches, and they all agree that Bob Pellegrini is without peer as a linebacker, and his offensive blocking at the center position is plenty potent. I agree with Jim Tatum's hopeful estimate of Quarterback Frank Tashner. As a sophomore last fall he was an excellent signal caller and full back, and on the defense he was a go-to-behind. Red Sanders says, without hesitation, that Maryland was by far the best team his Regals faced last fall. The battle of the throne takes place at College Park this year and I'm going to be there to see it on September 24.



BERNIE GOSTERBRAAN
COACH



RON KRAMER
END

BASIC FORMATION: Single wing, some T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 24; STARS: Ron Kramer, E; Lou Baldani, Q; F; Tony Brannoff, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 9

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Jim Pace, H; Bill Marflee, C.

500 RECORD:

Won 6, lost 3.

500 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24 Missouri at home
Oct. 1 Michigan State at home
Oct. 8 Iowa at home
Oct. 11 Northwestern at home
Oct. 22 Minnesota at Minneapolis
Oct. 29 Iowa at home
Nov. 5 Illinois at Champaign-Urbana
Nov. 12 Indiana at home
Nov. 19 Ohio State at home

COACH BERNIE GOSTERBRAAN SAYS:

We should be better than last year, with a more experienced team, but we have definite problems at both tackle and fullback. We'd also like more strength at left half.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

A quiet confidence prevails. And why not? Twenty-four lettermen are returning from what was probably the surprise team of the Western Conference last fall, finishing in a tie with Wisconsin for second place. Bernie Gosterbraan believes that he has the best end squad in the country, headed by the incomparable Ron Kramer and his running mate Tom Maenta at the opposite flank and aided and abetted by capable reserves. The halfback will be the speedster in Wal-vernia history. Terry Barr, Tom Hendricks and Sophomore Jim Pace at left half are the fastest trio in the country.

Tony Brannoff seems sound after a successful knee operation and should make the right half position another strong point of the offense. Depth is assured by his steady understudy, Ed Shuman, who filled in so capably last season when he was injured. Probably the most valuable man on the squad next to Kramer is Lou Baldani, who will be either the first-string quarterback or, more likely, the first-string fullback, a position where there is a real weakness. Junior Jim Marflee, who alternated with him at quarter last season, should competently handle the quarterback chores. The tackle position, with only two reserve lettermen returning, still need fortifying. Barring the knee injury hagsbos the Wal-vernia should be in contention all the way.

NAVY

ANAPOLIS, MD.



EDWARD EDERLATZ
COACH



GEORGE WELCH
QUARTERBACK

BASIC FORMATION: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 9; **STARS:**

George Welch, Q; Ron Beagle, E; Wilson Whitmore, C; Earl Smith, E.

LETTERMEN LOST: 1.

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Ned O'Brien, H; Tony Stroric, G.

1964 RECORD:

Won 7, lost 2. Beat Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl 21-0.

1965 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—William & Mary at home
Oct. 1—South Carolina at Columbia
Oct. 8—Pittsburgh at home
Oct. 15—Penn State at University Park
Oct. 22—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia
Oct. 29—Notre Dame at South Bend
Nov. 6—Duke at home
Nov. 12—Columbia at New York
Nov. 26—Army at Philadelphia

COACH EDDIE EDERLATZ SAYS:

We lost 21 of the 1964 Sugar Bowl squad. The starting line returns intact except for guard Len Brannan to Alex Anson. However, Quarterback George Welch is the only holdover from the starting backfield. Our big problem are halfback and guard. We lost our top line men in each position. The enthusiasm and desire is still very much in evidence. I think we'll have a good season.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Eddie Ederlatz obtained his "five-year plan" at Annapolis last year with a brilliant win over Army for a 4-1 series record against Coach Blaik's Cadets, plus an unexpectedly easy win over Ole Miss in the Sugar Bowl. This year's Navy team could be a disappointment. After watching them against the two aforementioned teams last season, however, I'm going to have to stick with them until I find out differently. If the same motivation still impels them and nothing happens to George Welch, they can give anybody trouble—and will. Welch captured my heavy more than any other player last season. Outwardly calm, cool and quick, with a flaming competitive spirit, he did everything well and at the right split-second. Ron Beagle, All-American end, spearheads a nimble, aggressive and experienced line. Though not too large, this forward wall can best be described as "they hit and sit," and those are my quotations. Navy can repeat, but the road will be rougher.

NOTRE DAME

SOUTH BEND, IND.



THEODORE BRENNAN
COACH



PAUL HORNUNG
QUARTERBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 17; **STARS:**

Ray Lesek, G; Don Schneider, F; Wayne Edmunds, T; Paul Hornung, Q.

LETTERMEN LOST: 18.

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Dick Wilkins, H; Aubrey Lewis, H; Dick Presberger, E.

1964 RECORD:

Won 9, lost 1.

1965 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—SMU at home
Oct. 1—Indiana at home
Oct. 7—Miami (Fla.) at Miami (night)
Oct. 15—Michigan State at East Lansing
Oct. 22—Purdue at Lafayette
Oct. 29—Navy at home
Nov. 5—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia
Nov. 12—North Carolina at Chapel Hill
Nov. 19—Iowa at home
Nov. 26—TSC at Los Angeles

COACH TERRY BRENNAN SAYS:

We will have many problems as the season starts. We are going to have a fighting team, one that will never give up, but we have too many experienced studs too early. Our chances for a good season depend on a variety of injuries and a few breaks during the early games. But the team spirit and the will to win will always be there.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Last year at this time Terry Brennan was facing his first season as a college head coach. Gone from the undefeated squad of '64 were 18 lettermen (including such greats as Johnny Lattner, Neil Warden, Jim Schneider and Merv Marmorek). This season the situation is about the same, with 18 lettermen lost, including all but one of the starting line. A glaring opening is left by the graduation of the great Halpe Guletski at quarterback and his understudy Tony Casey. Paul Hornung, long Gagne's heir apparent, has now been moved from halfback to take over the position. If Captain Ray Lesek's knee holds up after the operation he had this spring there will be few better guards around. Tardis Wayne Edmunds will also be heard from in the line. Don Schneider, Jimmy Morse and Paul Reynolds are the leading veteran backs returning. Maybe I'm going away out on the limb but it has been a long, long time since I've seen a Notre Dame team that didn't finish the season close to the top. As old Patrick Henry said—I think: "The only way to judge the future is by the past."

OHIO STATE

COLUMBUS, OHIO



WAYNE W. HAYES
COACH



HOWARD CASSIDY
HALFBACK

BASIC FORMATION: Split T and T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 28; **STARS:**

Howard Cassidy, H; Frank Macchinsky, T; Jim Parlor, G; Ken Vargo, C; Jerry Harbinder, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 15.

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Leo Brown, E; Aurelian Thomas, G.

1964 RECORD:

Won 9, lost 4. Dedicated USA in the Rose Bowl 29-7.

1965 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—Nebraska at home
Oct. 1—Stanford at Palo Alto
Oct. 8—Illinois at home
Oct. 15—Duke at home
Oct. 22—Wisconsin at Madison
Oct. 29—Northwestern at home
Nov. 5—Indiana at home
Nov. 12—Iowa at home
Nov. 19—Michigan at Ann Arbor

COACH WAYNE HAYES SAYS:

We have on our squad eight proven Big Ten football players. Although we won't be nearly as big as last year, we should have a little more speed. All told, it should be one of our most colorful teams.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

I underrated the Buckeyes at the beginning of the season last year. They were a competent, well-coached squad which proved itself every time the chips were down and picked up momentum as the season progressed. Ohio still has the nucleus of a championship squad. The first team is solid and experienced, with the exception of the quarterback position. Bill Booth, who saw extremely little action last year, is expected to handle it. The team lacks a competent punter and, of course, Little Tad Weed's left-footed placements will be sorely missed. But on the positive side are the valuable Howard Cassidy and Jerry Harbinder at halfbacks, possibly the best halfback combination in the country, with plenty of speed to the outside coupled with power to the inside. These brilliant stars are well fortified with substitutes of ability. The line is led by the great Ken Vargo at center and Jim Parlor at guard. There are five lettermen available at tackle. Two lettermen ends, Bill Michael and Fred Kries, will probably start. Rising sophomores have quality and quantity, to the "new look" at Columbus may continue.

OKLAHOMA

NORMAN, OKLA.

RICE INSTITUTE

HOUSTON, TEXAS



COACH
BOB WILKINSON



GUARD
BO BOLINGER

BASIC FORMATION: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 23; **STARS:**

Bo Bolinger, G; Jerry Tubbs, C; Jimmy Harris, Q; Bob Harris, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 14.

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Dennis Morris, C; Benton Ladd, T; Clendon Thomas, H.

1954 RECORD:

Won 10, lost 0.

1955 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—No. Carolina at Chapel Hill
Oct. 1—Pittsburgh at home
Oct. 8—Texas at Dallas
Oct. 15—Kansas at home
Oct. 22—Colorado at home
Oct. 29—Kansas State at Manhattan
Nov. 5—Missouri at Columbia
Nov. 12—Iowa State at home
Nov. 19—Nebraska at Lincoln
Nov. 26—Oklahoma A&M at home

COACH BOB WILKINSON SAYS:

We should be reasonably solid from tackle to tackle, but our coaching staff faces a real challenge in developing adequate strength at both ends, all four backfield positions and in front line reserves for all positions. We must try to solve these problems quickly; our toughest games come up in the first half of our schedule.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The Sooners have the best chance of any of the 11 eleven to go through the season undefeated. Probably through no fault of their own the schedule is not too exciting. Some great stars graduated from last season's undefeated team, but Bob Wilkinson's organizational ability plus efficient coaching will remedy the situation to the satisfaction of all Oklahoma supporters. Guard Bo Bolinger is a shoe-in for All-American if he doesn't break a leg. He is a rugged Marciano-type linebacker and an explosive blocker. Center Jerry Tubbs was the Sooner's No. 1 fullback last year as a sophomore, setting 287 yards rushing and averaging 4.1 yards per try. The backfield prospects must not be too bleak because he has been shifted back to center, his original position. Quarterback Jimmy Harris, a "true sophomore," stepped into the breach last year when Gene Calane was injured, and drove the team to victory over unexpected tough opposition against TCU and Texas. Always strong as a spot, the Sooners can scarcely miss another undefeated season.



COACH
JESS NEELY



TACKLE
EDDIE RAYBURN

BASIC FORMATION: T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 16; **STARS:**

Eddie Rayburn, T; Marshall Crawford, E; Jerry Hall, P; Jay Kivies, G.

LETTERMEN LOST: 10.

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Kleg Hill, Q; Frank Ryan, Q; Virgil Mutschink, H; Charles Thompson, T.

1954 RECORD:

Won 7, lost 5.

1955 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 24—Alabama at home (night)
Oct. 1—LSU at home (night)
Oct. 8—Clemson at home (night)
Oct. 15—SMU at Dallas (night)
Oct. 22—Texas at Austin
Oct. 29—Kentucky at Lexington
Nov. 5—Arkansas at home
Nov. 12—Texas A&M at home
Nov. 19—TCU at Fort Worth
Nov. 26—Baylor at home

COACH JESS NEELY SAYS:

We have 16 lettermen returning this year. We have a pretty good first team line. No doubt they will do a good job. The big problem is replacement. Most of them are sophomores, and while some look very good they have yet to be proven. Our passing will depend on how the offense comes along. However, I definitely think we'll finish much more this year than we did last season.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

How much Dickie Moegle will be missed in the big question mark at Rice as Coach Jess Neely starts his 18th year with the Owls. Other losses were All-SWC Guard Jimmy Paul and Don Costa, his running mate, along with Lamonte Holland at end and Morris Stone at halfback. There is depth and talent at quarterback. Flaky Nabst led the league last year with a .297 average for completion, although he didn't throw but 62 times. Two rising sophomores are after his job, and don't be surprised if they get it; King Hill and Frank Ryan were sensationals in freshman football. Virgil Mutschink, another sophomore, is a likely replacement for Moegle at left half. Not quite as fast in the open field, he has the unteachable knack of picking his holes and going all the way. Jerry Hall and Jack Throckmorton are a pair of powerful fullbacks with plenty of speed. The capable line is led by tackle Eddie Rayburn. If some of the sophomores come through in expected style Jess Neely's 18th anniversary as a big-time coach will be a happy one.

Herman Hickman says

PASTE THESE IN YOUR HAT

• The outstanding single-wing tailback in the country this season will be Royce Flippin of Princeton. Handicapped by a broken right wrist for part of last season, he came back to score three touchdowns which defeated a superior Yale team. Look for him to break all of Kautzner's existing records.

• The Southwest Conference race will be the closest in years. The sentiment seems to be that any team can win it except Texas A&M. I'll go farther and say so could the Aggies.

• Pro scouts take notice: there is a big, big tackle, 245 pounds of Norwegian brawn, at the University of North Dakota. Name: Steve Myrha.

• Remember this name—Dick Winterbauer. The 6-foot, 290-pound rising Yale sophomore quarterback may supplant last year's sensational sophomore, Dean Loucks, as a regular.

• When Lenny Moore passed his summer school philosophy course Penn State became one of the real powers in the East. He was the No. 2 ground gainer in the nation last season. The Negro left half is one of the most brilliant runners in the Nittany Lions' history.

• The passing combination of Len Dawson to Lamar Lundy at Purdue this year may become as famous as Friedman to Oosterbaan or Howell to Hutton. Coach Stu Holcomb's imaginative pass patterns as interpreted by Dawson last year were sensationally successful. The Boilermaker bombardiers are a good bet to repeat.

• Three of the great unsung line coaches are Ray Graves at Georgia Tech, Jim Myers at UCLA and Gomer Jones at Oklahoma. They mold All-America linemen like a master potter. Take your eyes from the ball carriers sometime for a few fleeting moments and watch how their products in the fighting rows perform.

SUBJECT:

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPPOOL

I THINK Maryland is the No. 1 team in the East, Georgia Tech in the Southeast, Rice and Texas in the Southwest and UCLA on the Coast," Football Coach Bud Wilkinson said. "In the Big Ten, Michigan and Ohio State. In the Big Seven, Colorado."

The University of Oklahoma, Wilkinson's own school and champion of the Big Seven Conference for the past seven years, was not mentioned, a deliberate oversight which has puzzled 15-year-old Jay Wilkinson to no end. "The trouble with Dad is, he'll never say we'll win. It's always going to be a poor year. He's always predicting we're going to get beat—and one of those years we will."

Bud Wilkinson has been accused frequently of professional pessimism.

"I don't think I overdo it," he said as he sat behind his desk in the Athletic Department of the University of Oklahoma, "but I guess I'm a minority vote. I'd be just as dishonest to say we're going to win, if I didn't believe I, as I would be to say we're going to lose."

Regardless of what he says, the 38-year-old coach's record stands as the best in current football. His teams have been the only ones to place annually in the nation's top 10 in the last seven Associated Press polls. They have scored in 55 consecutive games, a national record, and have given the country 18 All-Americans. Recently Frank Leahy, Notre Dame's famed ex-coach, listed Wilkinson as one of the 10 outstanding football coaches of all time. Twice, Wilkinson has been voted Coach of the Year: in 1949 by the National Football Coaches Association after his team had gone through the season undefeated, and by the Associated Press in 1950, another undefeated year.

"Frankly, I'm not interested in records," Wilkinson said. "The thing I'm proudest of is the type of boy represented at Oklahoma in football. When people say to me, 'Coach, what kind of team will we have this year?' I say, 'I think we'll have a good college team,' but they aren't concerned about that."

BUD WILKINSON

The country's most successful coach (opposite), on the eve of a new season, discusses his philosophy of coaching, wonders at de-emphasis and tests the players over the coach

All they want to know is how many games are we going to win and how many are we going to lose?"

"The average alumnae looks at the scoreboard and sees that one team won and the other lost—as the team that won was smartly coached, well conditioned, ran the proper offense, used the right defenses and had outstanding morale. The other team was stupid. That's about the way most of them look at it."

A MATTER OF MIND

"In reality," Wilkinson continued, "what takes place is that both teams are well conditioned, smartly coached. They're both made up of fine young men. The winning or losing is in that intangible factor of mental toughness. You've got to have that to be a champion . . . where you get it, I don't know, but you've got to have it."

"If you're going to be a champion, you must be willing to pay a greater price than your opponent will ever pay. Critics of athletics say that's too much of an all-out approach. They want it to be played just for fun, but just going out there and going through the motions defies the purpose of competition. If you're out there just to take up space, you aren't playing the game. It's meant to be played as well as you can play. If you're just joking around you aren't doing credit to yourself or the game. There must be the willingness to compete when the chips are down . . . Some people don't want to pay this price—and I've no objections to them—but I don't want them around because we aren't going to win with them."

"I use Ben Hogan as an example to my boys. I was plain sick when Hogan lost the Open. I didn't get over it for a couple of days—I'm still not over it. . . . Hogan is the most outstanding individual performer for my money, not only from the standpoint of his concentration but because of the price he paid in preparation to avoid ever hitting a bad shot. If a football player who's subject to daydreaming—as we all are—daydreams at the wrong time,

he'll make a mistake that defeats you. Our approach to football is: don't make mistakes!"

"Unless our standards are high in everything, the entire group will retrogress to the lowest level. When we travel, we're going to travel as well as we can. Our uniforms will be the best, and we'll try to look the neatest and be the cleanest and the smartest. In every possible ramification, we're going to try to shoot for the moon. People who are going to play well operate that way. For instance, I don't think a good golfer can play with dirty clubs."

Wilkinson was captain of the golf team when he attended the University of Minnesota in the middle '30s. A seven-handicapper, he plays golf whenever he gets a chance, which isn't often, although the Oklahoma school has its own 18-hole course. On the golf course Wilkinson's competitive drive is just as much in evidence as when he's coaching his football team.

"C'mon, baby; c'mon, baby," he'll call to a putt that's nearing the cup. If it drops, he's delighted. If it doesn't, he's more determined than ever that the next one will be better.

In the lockerrooms at O.U., huge red

and white placards pound home the words, **PLAY LIKE A CHAMPION**. Yet if a boy doesn't want to play at all, that's his privilege, too.

"I don't see any reason why a boy should feel he has to be a football player, if it's against his personality," Wilkinson said. "He'd be better off in some other line of endeavor. A lot of kids participate in football because their girl thinks it's nice or their parents want them to, but there's a tremendous number of young men who are blessed with an abundance of physical energy and truly combative spirit. They have to relieve themselves of that pressure and test their minds and bodies. Football fulfills that demand for total effort and teaches them fair play, discipline, teamwork and loyalty."

"Skills demanded in other sports are all needed in football. There's the straight combat of boxing and wrestling, the speed of foot of track and running, the throwing and catching of baseball and basketball, the extremely difficult art of kicking and judgment of the ball as in tennis."

Wilkinson was a guard under the incredibly successful Bernie Bierman at Minnesota in 1934-35. He was switched to blocking back in 1936 and called signals in the single wing back system they used in those days. The Gophers won two national championships in 1934 and 1936. In the summer of 1937, at Soldier Field in Chicago, he quarterbacked the college All-Stars to their first victory in the All-Star pro series, beating the Green Bay Packers, 6-0.

"I learned 99% of my football from Bierman, not only from the morale standpoint but technically," Wilkinson said. "Don't become sold on the type of football that defeats teams you could defeat anyway," Bierman used to say. "Base your play on standards most likely to defeat the champions. You can't fool a good team. The good ones don't take the fake. You've got to block 'em."

"Another thing I believe—and I got this from Henry Ba, basketball coach
continued on next page

"A REAL NICE MANNER"

"Each kid who plays football has a dream to go to Oklahoma," said Thomas Watson of McKeen, Okla., who played on O.U.'s 1934 freshman team. "Bud Wilkinson is the greatest, the way he works with men. People put out for him. It's unmanly. He stands out as a leader and a coach. He's real pleasant to speak to; he has a real pleasant voice, a real nice manner. He's tall and handsome; he's blond, maybe a little more gray than blond. He's strict on boys staying in shape; and before he takes a man on the team, he knows what kind of person he is and whether he can trust him. When he gives a boy a scholarship, it's not just for his football. He has to have good grades. I guess he thinks if a man has good morals and everything, he can be a good football player."

SUBJECT: BUD WILKINSON

continued from page 47

at Oklahoma A&M—is, "Your measure of a coach is based on how well he creates in practice the situations the player will face in a game, and keeps repeating it until the player reacts properly by rote memory." That sounds a little fancy, but it isn't. Most of us coaches are adapters and reporters. There really are very few original ideas. Missouri Coach Iba Faurst's idea of splitting the linemen—that's the Split-T—was an original contribution."

But it was Bud Wilkinson, who worked under Faurst a year at Iowa Pre-Flight, who has compiled the greatest record with the Split-T.

"We play the Split-T," he explained, "because we think we can teach it more effectively than any other offense in the short period of practice time allowed us; and the fluid pattern of the play enables our individual linemen to move at will laterally."

"That's the reason we play the Split-T, not because I think it's a vastly superior method of advancing the ball. If it were that much better, everybody would use it and teams that didn't use it wouldn't win. Last year, UCLA playing single wing was the best team on the Pacific Coast."

A LITERARY COACH

Wilkinson began to thumb through papers on his desk. Finally he found a clipping from the UCLA alumni magazine containing a statement by UCLA Coach Red Sanders, listing his reasons why he didn't think his 1955 team might be as successful as last year's. Sanders cited the loss of seven valuable players, unsatisfactory spring training due to injuries and absences, and a more arduous fall schedule.

"This is the part I like best," Wilkinson said happily, as though he had found an accomplice in his close friend. Reading aloud, he quoted Sanders: "In view of the foregoing facts and reasons, it is, therefore, difficult for me to figure how anyone in possession of all his mental faculties could possibly expect us to approach last year's record or quality of performance. To become enthusiastic now over our chances would indeed be unreasonable and might tend to sow the seeds of discord."

"... might tend to sow the seeds of discord," Wilkinson repeated, relishing everything it implied. "He means among his opponents, and I can't think of a better policy than staying on good terms with teams you'll play."

A peace-loving man, Wilkinson prefers to concern himself solely with intercollegiate athletics and not get involved in interservice warfare. However, there's talk that if Minneapolis-born Charles Burnham (Bud) Wilkinson were to run for political office in

AFTER-GAME RECIPE

CHILI CON QUESO

Recipe for a hot bowl of success dip which Mary (Mrs. Bud) Wilkinson serves at her open-house gatherings after the home games in Norman, Oklahoma:

- 3 lbs. precooked American cheese
- 1 lb. prewashed Cheddar cheese
- 2 onions, finely chopped
- 8 cloves of garlic, crushed
- 2 No. 2 cans of tomatoes
- 3 or 4 small cans of hot green peppers, chopped.
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Melt cheese in double boiler, add other ingredients and cook until well blended (about 30 minutes). Serve hot in chafing dish with corn chips or dip. Can serve 100.

(Mixture can be made ahead of time and kept in deep freeze, using portions as desired. Warm up in double boiler before serving.)

Oklahoma, he'd win by a landslide. His winning teams have been a tonic to the state, and the rabid rooters have been equally therapeutic for the gate receipts. Norman, the university site, has a population of 27,000; but 25,647 seats were added to the school stadium in 1963, two years after Wilkinson started winning. In 1964, an average of 51,643 fans attended the four home games. But Wilkinson is politically unambitious, and thus far has been content with his \$15,000-a-year post. He has turned down better offers, both in football and in business.

"People think I've been given some oil wells and that's why I stay here," Wilkinson said, as he broiled steaks in the backyard of his comfortable, air-conditioned ranch house. "That's not true. I like it here. Competitive athletics are an integral part of the life of this area, and our president, Dr. George L. Cross, is a staunch supporter of intercollegiate athletics. He doesn't just tolerate them as many educational institutions do."

Mrs. Wilkinson, Mary, a tall, slender, striking brunette, nodded agreement. A closely knit family that includes Jay, his brother Pat, 15, and Ginger, a mongrel purchased for the

graciously sum of \$2.00, the Wilkinsons like their life in Norman.

The story was told—not by Mrs. Wilkinson—that last year a death occurred in the family of one of the assistant coaches. He and his wife had to leave hurriedly to attend the funeral some 1,000 miles away. Bud and Mary Wilkinson took care of their baby during their absence.

"They just moved the baby—crib and all—into their own house for a week," the appreciative mother reported. "They're always doing nice things like that."

Wilkinson's own mother died when he was small. "But my brother Bill and I always had a warm home environment," Wilkinson said. "Relatives lived next door to us and they were wonderful. My father [Charles Patton Wilkinson, a prosperous mortgage loan broker] remarried when I was about 12 to a woman who's been just as perfect as it's possible for a person to be."

A graduate of Shattuck Military Academy in Fairbault, Minn., Wilkinson has a Bachelor of Arts degree from Minnesota and a Master's degree in English from Syracuse, which he earned while he was assistant coach there. In 1943 he went on active duty in the Navy, serving on the aircraft carrier *Enterprise* in the Pacific.

"After the war," he said, "I thought I'd had all I wanted of a knock-around profession—and coaching is a knock-around profession—so I tried to get interested in my father's business in Minneapolis, but I couldn't. My interests were in coaching. Paper work bore me. I hate monotony of any kind. I signed a full-time contract at Oklahoma as assistant coach to Jim Tatum. The next year, in 1947, when Tatum went to Maryland, I got the job."

Wilkinson is now on the fourth year of a 10-year contract. When the season is on, he seldom relaxes, worrying generally about next Saturday's game.

"During football season, a coach hardly has time to brush his teeth," Wilkinson said. "Four hours of preparation are needed for one hour of practice. If we're going to use our practice to maximum value, we have to know what we're going to do every minute. If we're ever strategists, it's during the summer. We must decide then exactly what we're going to do so that when fall practice starts, we're teaching ball. How much football we as coaches know will have no bearing on a single game. It's the skill and knowledge we're able to impart to our players that counts. The game is won or lost by the players—not the coaches."



A CLOSE-KNIT FAMILY, the Wilkersons, Bud, Mary, Jay, 13, and Pat, 11, sit on the terrace of their air-conditioned, ranch-style home in Norman, site of Oklahoma U.

"We grade our players by their performance. Two or three nights a week, we study the film of the previous week's game or our practice film. Each coach looks at one man only, and we have to go through the film twice on offense and then twice on defense. One of us catches the extra man.

"If he boy does what we consider normal, he gets zero. If he does an outstanding job, he gets one point. If he knows his assignment and tries to do the right thing and doesn't or isn't successful, he gets minus-one. If he doesn't know what to do, he gets a minus-two. He gets a plus-two if he does a super job that is ordinary man could ever do with ordinary effort.

"For instance, we had a fullback named Leon Heath All-American, 1950. In a game against Nebraska, Heath was supposed to block the end. He went out to block the end, and the end was so far across the line of scrimmage that Heath shouldered him out of the play. Then the ball-carrier, Billy Vessels (All-American, 1952 and winner of the Helaman Memorial Trophy), cut inside. Vessels avoided the tackle and while maneuvering, slowed up enough to let Heath move back in front of him and block the line-backer.

"This block broke Vessels clean past the line of scrimmage. He ran about 39 yards and appeared to be headed in against the side lines by the defensive halfback on the Nebraska 16-yard line, when Heath once again, with an amazing burst of speed, cut across the

field at the proper angle and blocked the remaining Nebraska defender.

"Heath's assignment, for which he would have got zero, was to block the end out," Wilkinson explained. "In addition, he blocked the line-backer and the defensive halfback, and, what is most amazing, ran a total distance of approximately 85 yards between the blocks."

The memory of the play delighted Wilkinson still. "That's what you've got to do to get plus-two," he said. "It was a helluva play."

"Football is a demanding game physically," he went on, "but I don't believe it's a dangerous game in any way. A lot of people take violent exception to that. I think the chances of a boy's receiving a permanent injury in well-administered football are virtually nonexistent."

CONDITIONING IS YEAR-ROUND

"There must be a great deal of rest between games. Your team must be built prior to the time you play your first game, which in our case this year is 2:00 p.m., Saturday afternoon, September 24th at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Some players come back from summer vacation with the thought they're going to learn their football after practice starts. That's no good. The ones who've developed the mental toughness necessary to be a good football player paid a greater price in conditioning during the summer. They lived the way an athlete has to live

prior to the game. A boy who stays up to 2:00 in the morning three weeks before the game probably has not hurt his physical condition at all, but he's put a dent in his mental armor, so to speak.

"When you're in a game, you may play 12 minutes or 46 minutes, but somewhere the dille begins to crack. If a player hasn't conditioned himself previously, he'll probably not have the fortitude or courage. Football won't mean enough to him to weather a punt when he's tired and it's 90° on the playing field.

"There are 11 fights out there," I tell my men, "we've got to win seven of them."

"Wearing 12 pounds of equipment and with only 25 seconds between plays, they're got to equal the speed of a lightly garbed sprinter who has his own lane to run in without any interference, and has maybe 20 to 25 minutes to recuperate before the next lap. . . . That's why I think running is the most often overlooked fundamental of the game.

"There are other important factors, of course. If I am a lineman, my opponent may weigh somewhere in the neighborhood of 240 pounds. He's approximately 18 inches away from me. He's well conditioned, full of moxie and determination, and he's dynamic. If I'm successful in moving that huge man out of the way, somebody is going to carry 13 ounces of air surrounded by pigskin through the hole I made and the spectators and the sports pages will sing the praises of only the guy who happened to be carrying the air. . . . There aren't enough heroic positions on a football team to have people play because they want to be a hero. The majority play because they love the game.

"Find your opponent's weakness and exploit it!" I keep telling my men. "Every player has a weakness! And if you're smaller, you have to think bigger. The fact our men believe they can use their brains to defeat a physically superior opponent pays dividends you can't reckon with—they're so great.

"It takes a man to play defense. We say anybody can play offense but it takes a man to play defense. You must have a few linemen who are big enough to defend the center of your line. You must have people in the secondary, the certifying portion of the defense, who have speed enough to keep the play always inside of them and in front of them. Football is a game of movement, 100%. It's a series of one-punch rounds.

continued on page 58



THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY OF JONES'S GRAND SLAM

It is the eve of another Amateur and 25 years since the
incomparable Bobby completed his sweep of golf's four
major crowns. Here, in two parts, is the stirring story

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE 55th United States Amateur Golf Championship will get underway in Richmond this Monday on the James River course of the Country Club of Virginia. Harris Ward, Joe Conrad, Billy Joe Patton, Bill Campbell and all the rest of our current coterie of amateur stars will be there, each with his heart set on winning (for the first time) the most important nonprofessional championship in the world. By the afternoon of the quarter-finals, if the 55th Amateur follows the pattern of its predecessors, a few of these seasoned players will still be in the fight; but most of them will have been unceremoniously eliminated in the early rounds by "complete unknowns"—by teenaged types from all over the map with a polish and poise beyond their years, by serious-eyed "club players" of all ages who drive the newspapermen crazy with their deep and genuine lack of even one faintly colorful trait, and by the upsurging new stars (such as Doug Sanders and Hillman Robbins) who, in this fertile land of athletes, continue to spring up annually like the corn in the fields.

No matter how spectacularly fortunes rise and fall on the banks of the James, this year's Amateur cannot help to approach in its dramatic content the edition of that championship which took place 25 September's ago and which has been vividly alive in everybody's mind this summer of its Silver Anniversary, September 22-27, 1930. The Merion Cricket Club in Ardmore, Pa., on the outskirts of Philadelphia. What a week that was! It is unlikely that any other athletic season in this century, not excepting the most furious World Series clashes or the Dempsey-Tunney fights, can honestly be compared with the Amateur of 1930 in the hold it had not only on sports followers but also on persons who did not ordinarily follow sports, and not only on Americans but on people living anywhere but

country-club lives on the other five populated continents.

It wasn't the Amateur by itself, to be sure, that was responsible for all this fervor. Rather, it was that previously that year Robert Tyre Jones Jr., a young amateur of 28 from Atlanta, Ga., had captured the three other traditionally major championships of international golf: in May, the British Amateur at St. Andrews; in June, the British Open at Hoylake; in July, the U.S. Open at Interlachen in Minneapolis. Now it was September, and as the amateurs congregated at Merion and the climactic days drew near, it was everybody's business, that one question: would Bobby be able to carry off the Amateur and so complete his Grand Slam of the four big tourneys, "the impregnable quadrilateral?" as George Trevor had called it in a moment of inspiration?

A few great golfers had earlier succeeded in winning two major championships in one year. John Ball, for instance, had taken both the British Amateur and Open in 1880; Harold Hilton, both the British and U.S. Amateurs in 1911; Chick Kraus, both our Amateur and Open in 1914; Gene Sarazen, our Open and the PGA (the pros' equivalent of the Amateur) in 1922; Walter Hagen, the British Open and our PGA in 1924. But here was Jones with a chance to reach out and grasp the Amateur, and by doing so to make actual, the heretofore fabulous idea that any golfer could ever be good enough to capture in one season all four championships—sanctioned by sturdy folk, spanning four arduous months, held on two continents on four vastly different courses, in all sorts of weather, through all rubes of the greens.

Thinking or writing about Jones and 1930 produces in 1955 a happy glow of excitement, but today, of course, we know "how it all came out." On the eve of that Amateur, the general feeling was that Bobby had an excellent chance to reach port safely, but nothing is ever sure in a game like golf. The hoping, the hoping against hope, and the general feeling of intense personal involvement which millions experienced all week long would have led some stranger

THE JONES OF 1955. An Atlanta Jones stands in brocade before the oil painting which depicts the great champion as he looked in 1930, the year in which he scored his Grand Slam.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 44. TURN
PAGE FOR AN ANNIVERSARY ALBUM

BOB JONES LOOKS BACK

Bob Jones, who stands with Harry Vardon and Ben Hogan as golf's greatest players, and who for many stands alone and unapproached, was 11 when he scored his first 80, 14 when he entered his first national championship and 28 in 1930 when he climaxed his career with his Grand Slam of the four major championships. This season of the 25th anniversary of that special feat, Bob has kindly consented to write some of the thoughts and memories evoked by a selection of photographs covering various stages of his competitive career. Next week's issue will present the second half of this abbreviated album—a group of photographs depicting several of the dramatic peaks of the Grand Slam of 1930 accompanied by more of Jones's eloquent comments.



"This picture is a study of 12-year-old, New Jersey in 1914, during the period when I was engaged during school vacations in playing matches for the benefit of the Red Cross during World War I. I had the good fortune to play a number of these games with F. Paul Lincolne, Jerry Pomeroy, Max Hargrave, Arthur Hildberg, Alvin Macauley and quite a few others of our best amateurs and professionals. These matches provided a pleasant experience for a kid of 12 and 13. I learned to know up my swing a little as the years went by."



"This is the approach to the 72nd green at Winged Foot No. 2, 1918, which was followed by a 14-foot putt to tie Al Beggason for the Open, which I won in a playoff. This was a real turning point for me because I think I should never have forgiven myself had I kicked away this championship. In the first round I had recovered from a bad start with an eagle 3 on the 18th and continued to outperform the rest of the field, so that

I took the lead with a 58. I had been leading the field by three strokes starting the final round and had been playing as well as I knew how, until I got mixed up with some bunkers on the 18th and took 7. I had an unplayable lie on the 18th for number 7, so that this mishap and the subsequent putt were all that enabled me to salvage a tie out of what should have been an easy victory."



"The picture shows a quite rare of the right arm, interesting mainly because they illustrate the isolation of a style. The conclusion was made during the 1916 Amateur when I won 18, the second in 1920. Since following for the fact that I am using a wood in the first picture and an iron in the second,



it is quite evident that my swing at 18 was a good bit flatter than in later years. It will be noted that the right shoulder has finished higher in the earlier picture and the right arm is more nearly parallel to the ground. It also appears that the body turn has been destroyed on the grass green."



"The 18th green of St. Andrews during my match with Cyril Tolley in the British Amateur Championship. This was one of the most desperately contested matches in all my experience. Here I am playing a running approach through the Valley of Six, while Andrew Kirkcaldy, the famous old Scottish professional, holds the flag. Neither Tolley nor I got too close with our approaches and I had some very

uncomfortable moments while he putted from 18 feet for the match after I had missed from about 11. The match ended on the 15th green when my opponent left himself open for a shynick. This picture shows many landmarks of Old St. Andrews that I love so well—the Station Master's Garden, the Dr. Anderson Shed, the Sullivan Barn, and the Edey filter across the far background."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

visiting the United States to declare that nearly every American was a relative or at least a close personal friend of Bobby Jones's.

In a curious way, that last statement is not too far off the mark. Even at the tender age of 25, Bob had been known and known well to the American sports public for 15 years—ever since the summer of 1914 when he had come up to the same Merion course as a rocky youngster of 14 to see if he could qualify for the Amateur. He had qualified, won his first two matches, and impressed everybody who watched him as incidentally that even the toothy temperate Mr. Walter J. Travis had enthused to an inquiring Jones admirer, "Improvement! He can never improve his shots, if that's what you mean. But he will learn a good deal more about playing them."

From that date on, Bob grew up in the full glare of the spotlight, the inescapable lot of a sports star who is as good as early and has, in addition, a personal attractiveness that captivates the public's interest. Sports fans knew all about Jones—how as a petulant, self-critical youngster he could fling a club, after a particularly bad shot, as far and as crisply as anybody in the game; how he had gradually mastered his temper—"the way he mastered everything," as Gene Sarazen put it so simply later on—with Bob's final graduation from adolescence coming after he had "piled up" in disgust on the third round of the 1921 British Open, an inescapable breach of true sportsmanship, as Jones regarded it, which cut deeply into his pride and which he could never forget; how the young man, the Georgia Tech and Harvard student, went through "the seven lean years" from 1916 to 1921, heralded after World War I as the best amateur in the country and as a player proficient enough to beat the pros in the Open, but never quite able to win a big one; how in 1923, so downhearted after his multiple failures that he was considering retiring from competition, he finally burst through in the Open, redeeming a great opportunity he had all but choked away when he played a magnificent two-iron (from the loose sand at the edge of the rough on the 18th at Inwood) which carried the lagoon before the green, finished six feet from the flag, and enabled him to defeat Bobby Cruickshank in their play-off for the title; how he went on from that shot to compile an incomparable record (through 1929) of three U.S. Open championships, two British Open championships and four U.S. Amateur championships.

But Jones was much more than just a winning golfer. He was a beautiful golfer. Taking nothing away from his superb contemporaries or the marvelous players who came before and after him, the fluid, almost lazy grace of his swing and the handsome parabola of his shots set off within a spectator, were he golfer or nongolfer, a spark of heaven-to-goodness delight the like of which only Harry Vardon and Sam Snead have generated. It was something you didn't forget, either—Jones's shotmaking. In the PGA championship this summer, to cite an oddly relevant incident, Jack Burke (in his match with Middlemiss) played a five-iron to the 24th green which he hit with no apparent effect. The ball was dead on line all the way, kicked up a flock of turf (like a horse's hoof) when it landed on the green just before the flag, took one bounce and then sat down a few feet beyond the hole. "Jones! He looked just like Jones on that shot!" exclaimed Walter Hagen, who had watched the ball come up from behind the green. "That was just the kind of shot Bobby played time and

time again. He'd throw that ball up toward the flag and it wouldn't waver an inch off the line from the moment it left his club. He hit hundreds of shots that looked like they would knock the pin right out of the hole."

When people talked about Jones in the '20s, before they knew it they were half-way into a panegyric. It was and is the easiest thing in the world. To approach the man in the plainest terms, he was and is an exceptional person. Tommy Armour, ransacking his mind for the one adjective that would best get across the meat of Jones's personality, settled at length on *considerate*. Bob, many of his friends felt, often was too considerate for his own good; he found it difficult, for instance, not to try to find the time for the little things asked of him, like accepting an invitation to play a round with friends when, with a prestige tournament coming up, he probably would have been wiser to have been more selfish with his time and his energy.

He had an excellent sense of humor. His favorite stories were always at his own expense, not because he was aiming at presenting himself in a modest light, but because these incidents really struck his funny bone. He liked to recall a qualifying round in the Open with old Harry Vardon. Bob had looked up on a niblick chip from the edge of a green and had skulled the ball clear across the green and into a bunker. "Mr. Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot than that?" Jones had spluttered in high embarrassment. "No," Vardon had answered, and nothing more. Bob also was something of a phrasemaker. He liked to describe a dangerous shot that only a golfer with real guts could pull off as a shot which required "sheer delicateness."

As far as golf went, there was only one way to play it for Jones: according to the rules and the spirit of the game. Observing this simple code, he proceeded to set (intentionally) the highest standard of bona fide sportsmanship of all the great champions of the Golden Age. In the first round of the 1925 Open, he called a penalty stroke on himself, when his ball moved a fraction of an inch in the rough as he was preparing to play an approach. Bobby ultimately finished in a tie for first with Willie Macfarlane, who subsequently beat him in the play-off. The full impact of the penalty stroke was then obvious: it had proved to be the difference mathematically between winning the championship outright or not winning it. At the same time, to emphasize the cost of that action is to miss its true meaning. If your ball moves in the rough while you are addressing it, of course you call a penalty stroke. It is simply a part of golf, just like heeling a long putt in. If this happens at a critical stretch in the National Open, you cannot rightfully claim that this unfortunate incident deprived you of winning the championship. You had plenty of other holes, 71 of them, in which to build to a winning total. Incurring that penalty was damn tough luck, and that was all you could say about it. Other times—and you knew it—the break went for you, and in the long run they evened up.

In victory, Jones never forgot the man who had come close but hadn't won. In his acceptance speeches—and they set the pattern which continues today in American sports—he always spoke of "we," including the other finalist, if it were a match-play event, or the leading contenders, if it were a stroke-play event. Innate good manners prompted this, partially, but it went deeper than that. He meant it. Jones was very clear about his own feelings on just about every occasion. He knew from his own experience how painful it was to come close and finally lose. The least he could do was to let the other fellow share his triumph, not through chivalry, but because that is how you do things.

There was no humbug in Jones. Many years after his retirement, a friend happened to ask him if there had been any spot in his career when he had been annoyed by an action or an attitude on the part of an opponent. "Yes, I remember one time distinctly," Bob said, cocking his head and "looking" a long way back. "In one championship final, my opponent and I were chatting, like you always do, just before we teed off in our match. 'Let's just have a nice friendly game,' he said to me. 'I really don't care who wins. Let's just enjoy ourselves.' Well, that sort of get under my skin because I knew he wanted to win that championship just as much as I did."

Make no mistake about it, you can be both sportsman and competitor, hand in glove. No one wanted to win harder than Bobby Jones did, or drove himself toward his goal with more determination. Without that fire he could never have accomplished the wonders he did. Superior talent takes you only so far in golf, or in any other sport; and the rest you do, or don't do, yourself.

Jones, the model American athlete, makes it difficult for anyone who writes about him because he is the wonderful gay he admirers have claimed him to be in lavish prose and lengthy orations. (That most hardheaded of sportswriters, Paul Gallico, said of Jones: "I have found only one (sports figure) who could stand up in every way as a gentleman as well as a celebrity, a fine, decent human being as well as a newsprint personage, and one who never once since I have known him has let me down in my estimate of him.") By nature he was the least histrionic of persons, but, as occasionally happens, the substance of the man came across unmistakably to the thousands who watched him or merely read about him. As a result, he enjoyed a popularity that was almost Churchillian.

Moreover, like very few athletic heroes, he somehow had the native grace to stand up beneath the colossal burden of his fame and to remain himself—an achievement indeed. He happened to come along at the time when sports were beginning to become the big thing that they now are in the lives of so many Americans. It was a fortunate thing he did, for of all our athletic heroes he has probably exerted the most marked and lasting influence on American sports. Of course, he was more than just a golfer—one of those unexcused persons of whom it can truly be said that he would have been first-rate at whatever he attempted. It was golf's luck that he was a golfer.

... And so, it is late September, 1930, when Bobby Jones came to Merion with the Grand Slam in sight, was it any wonder that a whole nation was puffing so hard for him and felt so personally implicated in his welfare? It had been a long, strange season for Jones—1930. In early spring he had broken from his usual practice of bypassing all the tournaments on the professional's winter circuit; he had entered the Savannah Open (in which he finished second to the up-and-coming Horton Smith) and the Southeastern Open in Augusta (in which he left the field a full 13 strokes in his dust). Bob seemed to be hitting his shots a shade more confidently than ever before, and remarking

this, Grantland Rice made the indelicately accurate prophecy that Bob might very possibly win two, three, or maybe all four of the major championships that year. Bobby Craddock's daily predicted he would sweep them all.

Although he felt deep down inside that this was a possibility if he could be so lucky as to produce his best golf at the right times, Jones himself harbored no such grand ambitions. This was a year when the Walker Cup matches were scheduled for Sandwich, and Bob had his sights set primarily on that competition and the chance it would give him, since it would be carrying him to England, to have another crack at the British Amateur championship, the one major title that had eluded him.

Over to Britain, then. In May, in the Walker Cup match, Bobby won his singles 9 and 8 from Roger Wethered, and he and Doc Willing took their foursome 8 and 7. Bob was captain of the American side and, as such, in charge of determining the lineup. As the U.S. Open champion, he could have justifiably selected himself for the No. 1 slot. In a typical gesture, he placed Jones at No. 2 and acceded the honor of being top man to Harrison "Jimmy" Johnston, our Amateur champion.

On to St. Andrews and the British Amateur, Jones's nemesis tournament. In his two previous attempts in this championship, the grind of grinds in which a golfer must wade through seven rounds of 18-hole matches before reaching the 36-hole final, Bobby had never got close to the luxury of the long route. In 1921, an old caddy by the name of Allan Graham had putted him dumpy, 6 and 3, to 1923, he had reached the fifth round and there accumulated 4 and 3 to the two-under-par golf of a Scot named Andrew Jamieson. On his third try, in 1930, to make a long tournament short, Bob finally made it—winning his first match 3 and 2 from a miner from Nottingham named Syd Reper (but only by starting four under par for the first four holes; his second match easily 5 and 3 from Cowan Shankland; his third from Cyril Tolley 1 up on the 19th hole; his fourth from G. O. Watt, 1 and 6; his fifth 1 up over Jimmy Johnston; his sixth 4 and 3 over Eric Fiddian; his semi-final match 1 up over George Voigt; and the final 7 and 6 over Roger Wethered. The scores of these matches are noted because the whole edifice of the Grand Slam depended naturally on Bob's taking the British Amateur, and how awfully close on more than one occasion he had come to not doing it.

Fortunately for lovers of golf, Bob was accompanied to the major tournaments from the beginning to the end of his career by O. B. Keeler of the Atlanta Journal. O. B.'s assignment was to tell the folks back home how their boy was doing. He ended by telling the world. This is O. B.'s summary of what happened at St. Andrews:

The story of that championship seems to me to confirm or, at any rate, strongly to support a sort of hypothesis that has been forming in the back of my head for years—that golf tournaments are a matter of destiny and that the result is all in the luck before ever a shot is hit. Look-

continued on page 60



THESE MEDALS are emblematic of Jones's victories in the four major championships in 1930. Reading clockwise from the top: U.S. Open, British Open, British Amateur and U.S. Amateur.

BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

CHARLEY DRESSEN TALKS ABOUT
BILLY MARTIN AND THE PENNANT
RACE, AND SEEMS PRETTY HAPPY
FOR A MAN IN SEVENTH PLACE

CHARLEY DRESSEN received a blast of headlines two autumns ago when he was dropped as manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers after winning two consecutive pennants, but since then he has, for the most part, been buried deep in paragraph 12, column 7, page 34—which is about where you would expect to find news of the manager, last year, of the minor league Oakland Oaks and the manager, this year, of the somewhat minor league Washington Senators.

Lately, though, Charley Dessen has been stirring things up a little, what with his seventh-place Senators being a prime cause of the mumble, stumble and trip gait of the American League pennant race. Two weeks ago, for instance, the day after the Cleveland Indians had won a stirring series from the New York Yankees to move into a tie for first place, the Senators moved into Cleveland and walloped the Indians in both ends of a double-header. This has been going on all year. The lowly Senators have defeated the Indians 12 times while losing only seven to them. More than that, the Senators have recently visited similar distress on the Yankees and the Chicago White Sox, whom they have defeated in games the Yankees and the White Sox dearly wanted to win.

All in all, Charley is having as pleasant a year and as sunny a September as a seventh-place manager has a right to experience—except that the headlines have been few and far between.

Last week, however, a small bouquet finally came Charley's way and from a most unexpected source. Billy Martin, the "fresh kid" of Casey Stengel's dreams, came out of the Army on furlough to rejoin the Yankees and lead them, if he follows the script, to victory in the American League pennant race. Casey Stengel at once proclaimed with Stengelian extravagance: "Martin will play shortstop [though Martin is a second baseman by trade] for the rest of the season and right through the World Series!"

Martin, who at times has indulged in extravagant speech himself, was quiet and appreciative of the chance to play. He smote a double and a single in his very first game and looked,

that day at least, like the hitting shortstop the Yankees have needed all season long. After the game, in a TV interview with Red Barber, he said modestly, "I've been lucky to have played for the two best managers in baseball: Casey Stengel and Chuck Dessen."

Everyone knows about the perfect love that exists between craggy old Stengel and brash young Martin. But Martin and Dessen?

THE LOUD

"Sure," Charley Dessen said in Yankee Stadium before last Saturday's game between his Senators and the Yankees. "I had Billy at Oakland in 1949. He wanted to hit homers all the time. But he learned to hit the way he should hit. Cookie Lavagetto and I worked with him a lot. Hit grounders to him for hours. Came out before batting practice with him. He wanted to learn. And he learned."

Dessen's face crinkled in a smile. "But, gee, he was a fresh kid," he

said. "He was a good ballplayer, a real good ballplayer. But he was fresh, always scrapping."

"This big Drope was in the Coast League then. There was a lot of good ballplayers there then. That was a good league then. This Despo was playing first and Billy was on first and I give him a little sign to go down if he could. They wasn't looking at him and I thought maybe he could steal. But they was on to it and they tried to pick him off, and this big Drope came in with his arms wide like this and Billy couldn't get away from him."

Dessen laughed out loud.

"You know how big that Drope is. Billy come up at him swinging; he wanted to kill him. Well, the next inning—the last inning—we had them one out and Despo was on first. A guy hit a double-play ball to the shortstop. He flipped it to Billy for one and Billy pivoted to throw to first for the double play. But he didn't throw it to first. He tried to hit Drope with it."

Charley shook his head in amusement.

"We got out of it okay, and in the clubhouse I walked over to Billy and I said to him, I don't want you to think I'm getting on you, I said, but that's not a good thing to do. He turned on me and he says, you slap one of a so-and-so, you blarp blarp this and



"Do me a favor, Fred. Don't ask what kind of a time we had."

that, and he stomped off to the shower, still mad as hell.

"Well, I went into the shower after him. He was undressed, you know, taking a shower, and I had my uniform on but I followed him into the shower. I said to him, you know what you called me? Damn, he was still mad. Yes, I know what I called you, he says, you blamp blump so-and-so, he says, you can this and that. I won't sotr, but hell, a man can't call his manager names like that. I said, I think you ought to apologize."

Dressen grinned in sheer delight.

"Apologia?" he says. You was go to hell, you bampet, bamp blump, blump! I said, if you don't apologize, it's gonna cost you \$200. He says, you can take your \$200 and oh he was mad.

"I went up to Brick Laves, the president of the Oakland Club and I told him I wanted him to take two hundred out of Billy's paycheck. Brick's a nice, razzing guy. He's got a big heart. I said, I mean it. This kid's a good ballplayer but he needs a lesson. I want you to take that money out. And Brick says, okay."

THE QUIET

"Next day Brick's door opens and in comes Billy, very quiet. He takes out a roll and peels off ten \$20 bills. Brick says, what's that for? Charley fired me, Billy says in this little voice. Brick says, put it back in your pocket. But he fired me, Billy says. I know it, Brick says. We're going to take it out of your paycheck. So Billy puts his money back in his pocket.

"That day we're having a meeting and Billy's sitting there, just as quiet. Then he says, can I say something? I said, sure. And he apologized. I'm sorry, he says. And I said, that's okay. Billy. You just saved yourself \$200."

Dressen chuckled to himself.

"A hell of a ballplayer. I tried to sell him. I tried to sell him to Detroit. I tried to sell him to the Giants. The Giants said they had \$180,000 tied up in second basemen, they couldn't afford no more. Nobody would look at him. I tried to sell him to this club [Washington]. I wished they bought him. He's a hell of a ballplayer. I sure could use him now."

Now that Martin was back, Charley was asked, who did he think would win the pennant?

Charley thought for a long time, squinting as he looked out of the dugout at the sun-flicked dust floating around the batting-practice cage at Yankee Stadium.

continued on next page



TWENTY DOLLARS
Graciously Endorsed



For your true sportsman, the true Tyrol-type "hunter's" hat, Knox-styled, for sportsmen sports, in imported, select soft Velour, with authentically tapered crown and narrow brim. In colors that grow with the smartest of the new sport jackets. Try it on at your nearest Knox hatter's, or at Knox the Hatter, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. Also available in Canada.

WEALTH

In no other publication do we find the wealth of information on our great sport of baseball as

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED gives it. To me and my two ball-playing sons, these articles alone are worth the subscription price.

Kenneth Kinsald, Fresno, Calif.

103rd
consecutive
quarterly dividend

20¢ a share from net investment income, payable September 30, to stock of record September 9, 1955.



WALTER L. MORGAN, President

NEW DYCON FILTER



for
your
**WARM AIR
FURNACE
and AIR
CONDITIONER**

*ends replacement
costs!*

Permanent, aluminum and synthetic fiber filters eliminate further replacement costs—initially install as good as new in a few minutes.

Just RINSE and REUSE

ASK YOUR
HEATING
EQUIPMENT
DEALER

CONTINENTAL
AIR FILTERS, INC.
QUINCY, ILL., N.Y.

how will you have your **STRIPES** this season?



Horizontal? Vertical? Diagonal? Let your taste decide how you'll look best in THIS handsome striped shirt. Meritously tailored with the new narrow cuffs; short point spread, slanted collar. In blue, pink, mauve or most stripes on white background, corded cotton. In men's and prep's sizes.



PARKSIDE PATHWAYS
SIZES

Marlboro

Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore 1, Md.



Rally Timer

When the competition's really tough and split seconds count, you can rely on our great Astoria Rally Timer... proved in years of use by European rally drivers. Precision-made by Switzerland's top maker... measures in dash... seconds up to 12 hrs. with time-out feature. 2 1/2" square. . . . \$45.00

Send for the new
A & F FALL BOOK...

Latest in clothes, gear and accessories.
Brands new "Wine" colors.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

345 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CIRCLE 10—YOU CIRCLE A FANTASY



W. Jack Alston knows why he's renewing his subscription to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**:

"I guess there are more sports in the world than you have written about; but you seem to have covered the field. I expect to continue enjoying **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for many years to come."

(BE SURE TO WATCH THE MAIL FOR YOUR RENEWAL NOTICE.)

BASEBALL

continued from page 17

"The Yankees," he said finally. "They got the balance. They got great fielding. They got speed. They got power. The White Sox been playing good ball. They got the best bunting I ever seen. Bunt, bunt, bunt. That Nelson Fox. One of the best ballplayers in the league. He can field, he can hit, he can bunt, he can do things. But the White Sox, they got to get those bunts to score a run. The Yankees sit on their hands for awhile and then, pop, one hit and they got a run, just like that. The Yankees got strong guys. They got a bunch of big, hairy guys that can put the ball in the seats. Pop, pop. They beat you to death."

Charley was asked about the Indians. His face lit up in a gleeful smile. "They do when they play us," he grinned. "I don't know why we beat them so easy. We just hit against them. That's all."

Charley was asked if he got a bigger kick out of beating first division clubs than he did second division teams.

"Well, you like to beat everybody," he said. But his grinning face revealed his delight at knocking over pennant contenders with a team only five games or so out of last place. (S)

ANNIVERSARY



THIRTY-ONE YEARS AGO (the week against Brooklyn, Roney Jim Benton of the St. Louis Cardinals batted in 12 runs, still the top major league mark for a single game. The most red-hot Robin (Dodger) of all was Manager Wilbert Robinson, who had matched the former record of 11 RBIs with the Baltimore Orioles in 1902. The Cardinal free basemen hammered out six hits, including a pair of homers, scored three runs in team's 17-3 victory.

KEEP IN THE PINK

SPRAINED ANKLE

This most common mishap should receive more than casual treatment

Born in and out of sports, a sprained ankle is the most common of all joint injuries. Indeed, the ankle seems to have a penchant for spraining. The main reason is that it is a ginglymus—in other words, a hinge joint which, anatomically, doesn't allow for much

selecting the best manner of treatment.

There's an old saying that "a sprain is worse than a fracture," and this is all too often true. Not that the results are any worse. Rather, a sprain, if treated at all, is treated more casually. First aid should be to elevate the foot and

The ankle ligaments most commonly sprained when the foot twists inward are the lateral collateral ligament (1) and the anterior tibiofibular ligament (2), which holds together the bones of the leg, the tibia (3) and fibula (4). Rupture of tiny blood vessels causes redness and swelling.



DRAWINGS BY DR. PAUL PRICE

play. Furthermore, it is called upon to support the entire weight of the body. So long as this weight remains fairly equally distributed, the ankle absorbs strain and stands up comfortably. But when the weight unexpectedly and violently shifts, the ankle has to give, and often a sprain results.

Whenever an ankle is twisted, the immediate concern is to figure out the position of the foot when the injury occurred. This may determine right off the extent of damage and whether or not it is serious. If the foot twisted inward—as is most commonly the case—the ligaments on the outside of the ankle usually have been pulled (above), and this, while painful, is not always serious. But if the foot turned outward, it is possible that a bone was broken. Since both a sprained ligament and a fractured bone cause immediate pain, redness and, finally, swelling, the foot-position becomes all-important, along with an X-ray if there is any doubt, for

apply ice or cold to control the swelling. This should be followed, the next day or so, by heat and massage. Moreover, the weakened joint should be braced with a supporting bandage, a technique to be discussed in a later issue. Depending on the extent of the sprain, you can count on four to 10 days before it is back to normal. Meanwhile, exercises should be begun as soon as possible. Start with a simple one: hold onto a chair and rise up on the balls of the feet six times. Then work up to balancing on the affected leg without support, walking tip-toe across a room, skipping, and finally trotting. These exercises also build up chronically weak ankles.

As for walking or playing on a twisted ankle, if the sprain is the common mild variety, there is no harm, provided you take it easy. The joint, however, will feel more painful the next day and may take longer to heal than if you lay off and give it a deserved rest.

BRUNSWICK EXCLUSIVE!

LIFETIME GUARANTEE



Get it only on the
New Black Beauty
and
Famous Fireball!

Now, both the fabulous new **BLACK BEAUTY** and the famous **FIREBALL** carry a **LIFETIME GUARANTEE!** Here's the most sensational offer in the history of bowling. Only Brunswick, with unmatched confidence in its products, dares to guarantee your new ball for a lifetime. See both high-scoring balls today at your favorite bowling lanes or dealer. Personally fitted and initialed. Priced from \$33.95.

Complete your bowling picture with a new Brunswick Bag and Shoes!



ANOTHER FIRST FROM

Brunswick

THE NO. 1 NAME IN BOWLING

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
623 South Wabash Ave., CHICAGO 5, ILL.



PRIZED by Big Game Hunters

WORLD FAVORITE LEVER ACTION HUNTING RIFLE

A prized trophy and a first rifle! That's a proud contribution that will warm the cockles of any hunter's heart.

The pride of ownership that quality brings plus the certainty of proven performance—art yours when you own and shoot a famous Savage Model 99 lever action rifle. First choice for all kinds of American big

game, the "99" is the only lever action rifle with rotary magazine. This and its hammerless, straight-shoot, solid breech design are among the features which have made it a favorite with generations of hunters. For a lifetime of shooting satisfaction, become the proud owner of this fine lever action rifle this hunting season.

THREE MODELS . . . THREE CALIBERS

100 Savage • 220-3000 Savage • 303 Winchester

Savage 99-20

The famous standard model—bore .20 (3000)—finely finished—made in the U.S.A. The world's favorite lever action, hammerless, bolt action, sporting rifle. \$1,195.00.

Savage 99-4

Same as Model 99-20 except fine stock is built and light at the curb, weighs 12 lbs. for Super-Game Semi-converted bolt-end scope case for cartridge .404 \$1,395.00.

The "Four in the Field" Line . . .

In addition to the famous Model 99, see the complete line of Savage, Stevens and Fox rifles and shotguns—our cuts shorter and more kind of shooting—on your dealer's "Want us today for free catalog."

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
Chaparral Falls, 5, Massachusetts



Savage
FINE HUNTING AND SPORTS

© 1955 Savage Arms Corp.



DOGS STRANGE AND RARE

by REGINALD WILLS

The least-known and least-probable dogs in the U.S. will compete this week at Westchester, N.Y., in one of the nation's top shows

STRANGE or the most unusual and strange-looking dogs ever loved by man will strut the lawn of the Westchester Country Club, New York on Sunday, September 11 in the nation's biggest one-day all-breed event—the Westchester Kennel Club dog show. Because it offers the chance of blue ribbon competition to owners of such exotic pets as Russian owtchaks or Rhodesian ridgebacks, to say nothing of Mexican hairless (see opposite), Chinese crested, vintages and good oldaffenpischers, the Westchester show has, during its rich 28-year history, become the place where the most unlikely-looking members of *Canis familiaris* can be seen and observed. There will, of course, be some 2,300 other purebred—and much more popular—dogs competing for the best-in-show ribbon. But this year it might just happen that there will be a better Chinese crested than the best poodle or spaniel or beagle.

The journey toward the top in popularity for a dog is usually a long and arduous one, beset by chance. Around the 1900s hunting dog breeds were favorites, and since then a dozen other breeds have enjoyed the limelight of public acceptance. With only a fickle-minded public to satisfy, any breed of dog, however strange and rare, could be tomorrow's national favorite. All it takes is public acceptance and demand. These can skyrocket a not-too-well-known breed like the beagle up to topmost rank or can knock the once popular Irish terrier to 42nd place.

The dream of breeders of lesser-known dogs is one in which something like a Mexican hairless is crowned public favorite No. 1, with thousands of them curled up at the hearthside of America's homes. It is not too much of a dream, as one of today's favorites bears out. In 1928 there were only 18 boxes registered in America, and they ranked 59th. Last year, with 49,667 registered, they were second. The top dog in 1960 might very well be the Rhodesian ridgeback or lion dog, the most recent breed to be recognized by the American Kennel Club.

Strange as some of the rare dogs to be seen at Westchester may appear to U.S. dog lovers, they have nearly all been great favorites in their native lands—with the exception of the Mexican hairless. This scallie beauty is practically dismissed by the Mexicans, who claim it is a

Chinese dog imported into Mexico from the Orient around 1600. The Mexican Kennel Club has registered only five in its entire history.

The fascination of the Mexican hairless dog escapes not only the Mexicans but nearly everybody. Its skin, according to the AKC standards, must be "smooth and soft, not wrinkled, any color, hot to touch, no hair whatever." Most hairless dogs have been kept in zoos as freaks, but there are sufficient numbers of these dogs in the U.S. today to constitute a "fancy" and provide competition. A great promoter and breeder of them is Mrs. Edna Bailey of San Bernardino, Calif., who claims her absolutely hairless specimens, like the one pictured opposite, are some of the finest of the breed in the world.

Mrs. Bailey, however, has had differences on occasion with the AKC because there seems to be a fuzzy pedigree line among Mexican hairless and nobody has yet had the courage to decide which is true to type—those with or without hair. The AKC, which rarely commits itself to an opinion on anything controversial, has had difficulty in finding enough hairless dogs to come to any real conclusions.

Other rare dogs, like the Brussels griffon, Chass apo, and affenpischer (pictured on following page), are recognized breeds in the eyes of the AKC. But there are many foreign breeds of dogs now in the U.S. that as yet have not received the official nod of this ruling body. Owners of such dogs first have to get them admitted to the ignominious miscellaneous class (permitted to breeds well established in other lands but little known here) and then bide their time until the AKC recognizes them as being in sufficient numbers and geographically distributed in the U.S. They must also prove that they breed true to type.

Many of today's leading breeds have struggled up from the miscellaneous class, and some of the canine freshmen currently trying to make the grade are Australian heeler, Australian kelpies, Spinoni Italiani and Shih Tzus. Anybody having one of these can enter it at Westchester.

The bewhiskered Brussels griffon is a toy-size, sturdy reddish-brown dog which has cropped ears and a dense wavy coat. One of the many theories concerning its origin is

Just continued on page 57

MEXICAN HAIRLESS

Patia, a 2½-year-old male, is owned by Mrs. Edna Bailey. His satin-smooth, hairless skin is protected by weekly lanolin bath.





BRUSSELS GRIFFON

Champion All-Africa-Breed Brussels is a superb specimen of this bushy-haired breed brought to U.S. from Belgium around 1900.

IMPORTED BY



JOHN LINDS

LHASA APSO

Champion Hamilton Taisenda is owned by C. S. Cutting, of Quakertown, N.J., who introduced breed to America from Tibet.



RARE DOGS

continued from page 22

that Belgian taxi drivers played a great part in its development by crossing their favorite Yorkshire terrier with the pug. Another school thinks the barbet and hollandaise smushound had a lot to do with it. In any event the griffon came to the U.S. around 1900 and has attracted a steady and devoted following ever since. Originally a ratter, it is no longer used for that and is now primarily a companion dog. There were 124 of them registered with the AKC in 1964, and they cost from \$125 up. A leading breeder is Miss Iris de la Torre Buono of New Rochelle, N.Y.

The Lhasa apso, another dog to be seen at Westchester, comes from Tibet, where it is called "bark sentinel lion dog." Resembling a raw-silk rag mop, the apso was, since the beginning of the Manchu Dynasty, part of the tribute paid by the Dalai Lama of Tibet to the imperial families of China.

In 1950 the Dalai Lama presented four Lhasa apsos to Sayden Cutting of Gladstone, N.J., who brought them back to the U.S. and founded the breed in this country. Of unpredictable color, they are preferred golden but have been seen blue and even spotted. Seeing some in California, the Shah of Iran ordered two and sent a plane to pick them up. There were 58 registered in the country last year and they sell for \$150 up.

One of the most startling in appearance of the rare breeds at Westchester is the little affenpinscher, which is also called "monkey dog" because of a baboonlike mustache and tuft of hair on its chin. Game and durable, weighing about seven pounds, its coat is preferably black, matching its eyes. Bushy eyebrows and cropped ears partially covered by wiry hair give the dog an appearance of having been a frightened witness to a terrible accident.

The affenpinscher is believed to have originated in Germany. It is closely related to the miniature pinscher. By crossings with other German wire-haired breeds and the Skye terrier, breeders were able to produce the magnificent result shown on the opposite page. The breed was recognized by the AKC in 1936, and last year there were 45 affenpinschers registered. **ENR**

AFFENPINSCHER

Ch. Walhof Wucki, owned by Mrs. Walter Kaufman of Westwood, N.J. is a classic of his kind. Breed originated in Germany.

**ah-h-h...
that feminine
touch!**



Ship'n Shore®
Blouses for the sportswoman

Of course it isn't strictly fair to distract your opponents—but why not look pretty when you bowl? The softly tailored Ship'n Shore Bowler Blouse keeps you cool as a pin... has that first free "feel"... a simple matter of expanding back pleats and stay-down tails. Ever-washable combed cotton broadcloth in white, pastels, deep tones; bright-woven ginghams, too. Sizes 38 to 40.

2.98

Shirley Peck



The coupon below will bring **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to you (or a friend) every week for 52 weeks. It's the ideal way to be at sports events you cannot go to. For birthdays, other special occasions, why not give **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**? Fill in proper spaces below and mail today.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois
Please send 52 weekly issues of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** to:

Name

Address

City State Zip

Age

☐ If a gift, supply name and title

☐ The above subscription is for me. Please bill me for \$7.00 at this address.

☐ The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$7.00 at this address:

Name

Address

City State Zip

(Please rates apply in Continental U.S. and Canada only.) **5-3477**

Perfect Pictures NOW EASIER THAN EVER



Still
Movies
Stereo
Polaroid

SIMPLIFIED WESTON

EXPOSURE METER

This simple, compact meter assures perfectly exposed pictures with all cameras, all film including colorfilm types of photographs, indoors or out. So simple, the direct-reading scale gives you correct film settings instantly, without calculations. Accurate, brilliant, virtually instant exposure reads show. Inexpensive, just only \$10.50 with genuine leather case. Available everywhere.

THE METERS MOST PHOTOGRAPHERS USE

Pachmayr LO-SWING Scope Mount



Guaranteed
TO HOLD ZERO for
the life of your rifle.

Makes your rifle doubly effective. You have both scope or open sight, instantly available — twice the chance to get your game. While for safety. At all leading gun dealers.

PACHMAYR GUN WORKS, INC.
1232 So. Grind Ave., Los Angeles 15, Calif.



See Scope LOW
for Easy Sighting



Swings Aside
POSITIVELY for
use of Iron Sights.



PULVEX KILLS FLEAS Faster...Easier!

Use One of These Flea Killers
To Keep Your Pet Flea-Free



SPRAY
Pulvex Aerosol Flea Killer
sprays on in an instant. Fleas
die and their eggs die fast.
Lenses are protected — the delicate
coat, too. Wipe your pet to the bone. Great
for cats, dogs, birds, horses, etc.



POWDER
Pulvex Dust-Spread Flea
Powder kills fleas, and their
eggs — in minutes. Dumps and
batters to keep away all dirt. Keep
your pet clean and healthy with
PULVEX Flea Killer Powder. Try it today.
It's the best.

PULVEX CAT FLEA POWDER



Made by Wm. Crocker & Mearns, Inc.
Chicago 10, Illinois

SUBJECT: BUD WILKINSON

continued from page 19

It's like everybody comes out to throw one punch because the offensive will snap the ball and run the play. It's the question of who makes the correct decision and who makes the bad decision, and they might both make the perfect decision, then you get into the area of which is the better football team. If our team will block better and tackle better and run better, we'll have a good chance of winning. If we don't make mistakes. . . In football most teams defeat themselves. If we never get a penalty, if we never get a pass intercepted, if we never fumble and always try to execute our assignment, we'll probably win. We should be able to control all of these things: our organization and practice and preparation are adequate—with the possible exception of the fumble. . . An interrupted game will denote your righteousness. It has a shock element. . . Planning is the most important fundamental there is: balance, footwork, agility, quickness, reflexes, reactions. . . Everything you're going to do is based on trying to defeat the clock. You must have an effective offense and a stout defense and they must be able to handle the kicking game in all of its ramifications. The kicking game provides the margin of winning or losing in most close contests more often than any of the other factors. Kickoffs, kickoff returns, punting, punt coverage, punt returns, block kick plays, field goals and points after touchdowns.

"All this has to be taught and learned within the limited time al-

lowed for football practice. There's no limit on practice in any other sport except basketball," Wilkinson said almost ruefully.

"According to the rules now," he said, "we're permitted 40 hours of practice in the spring. In the fall, we start about September 1st and many people are playing their first game September 17th, so you have about 15 practice days because you can't really practice the day before the game. Our season is only nine weeks. Yet baseball teams play 154 games during the summer, and they have six weeks of spring training."

ACCENT THE NEGATIVE

A member of the rules committee of the National Football Coaches Association and also on its board, Wilkinson feels strongly about this subject. "It is my considered belief," he said, "that the practice rules put in with the thought of controlling the activities of the coach in helping to keep football and basketball within the bounds of propriety, magnify the problems instead of solve them."

"With not enough practice time allotted, you've got only one outlet left; that's go ahead and have who already runs it. If you had more practice time, you'd have a chance of bridging the gap between talent and ordinary ability plus a great desire. Then recruiting would not be as important as it is and the coach would be able to do what he was hired to do; what he enjoys doing and what he derives satisfaction from."



"Drive! Drive! Crash!!!"

faction from—and that's teaching boys to play football.

"There's a lot of difference between that and going to the parents of a boy and asking them why don't they enroll their son in your school. Most people feel that a football coach in looking for candidates for his team is trying to find the best athletes available from a physical standpoint. It's absolutely true we have to have athletic ability. You can't deny that or belittle it, but I am totally of the opinion that because football is a morale game, because it is primarily a game of the heart, and I don't mean to sound sentimental, I believe you must first find a boy of character, a boy who first must be a good enough college student to do college work without undue difficulty, and to be able to graduate from college. If he doesn't have that much academic ability, he doesn't belong in college, that's all there is to it. I believe college athletics are for college students. Most people don't believe coaches feel that way. But they do.

"Football players are criticized and chewed on all the time, but the competition and recruiting in basketball for a guy who's 6-feet-7-inches tall makes football recruiters look like a bunch of kids in a marble game."

NOT ONLY THE BRIGHT

"Sure, we give scholarships; I don't believe it's necessary or sound to educate only those people who can make straight A's in high school. A boy who's a normal student can be a super citizen and deserves as much opportunity as a mental giant with ability in just one line of endeavor. Qualities of character often transcend pure mental ability.

"It's true, recruiting is the number one problem in intercollegiate athletics. But I don't think the evils even begin to outweigh the good. Somebody's got to make a little fight for competitive athletics.

"One of the basic problems of our time is the super-sophistication of being a spectator and a critic instead of a participant. I'm hipped on that subject. I think it's psychologically dangerous for young kids and adults, too, to come home every night and turn on TV and never read and never play cards and never engage in conversation. They don't participate. They're only spectators."

Wilkinson gazed out the window, across the green-curtled square to the red brick walls of the stadium. "The man," he said, "who tried his best and failed is superior to the man who never tried." (ENR)

IT SMELLS GRAND



ONCE YOU CATCH
THAT THRILLING SCENT

IT PACKS RIGHT



LOAD UP QUICK—
YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEANT...

IT SMOKES SWEET



BY PLEASURE PLUS—
YOUR HEART'S CONTENT!

IT CAN'T BITE!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S
BLEND OF CHOICE KENTUCKY
BURLEYS IS EXTRA-AGED TO
GUARD AGAINST TONGUE BITE.



FREE!

24-PAGE BOOKLET
ON PIPE CARE
JUST WRITE TO:
SIR WALTER
RALEIGH,
DEPT. AAS
LOUISVILLE, KY.

HELP... continue treatment for POLIO VICTIMS



ELIZABETH KENNY
Polio FOUNDATION

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS • MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

JONES'S GRAND SLAM

continued from page 15

ing back over Bobby's eight matches, you may see crisis after crisis, in those famous encounters with Tolley, Johnston, and Voigt, where the least slip in nerve or skill or plain fortune would have spelled blue ruin to Bobby's dearest ambition. Yet at every crisis he stood up to the shot with something which I can define only as inevitability and performed what was needed with all the certainty of a natural phenomenon.

For example, in the series, there had been the 12-footer that Bob had holed on the 17th against Voigt when the match hinged on it. To resume Keeler's narrative:

"When I stood up to it," Bobby said, "I had the feeling that something had been taking care of me through two matches I very well might have lost and that it was still taking care of me. I felt that however I struck that putt, it was going down."

And above all there had been that historic tug of war with Tolley:

Bobby was extremely lucky to win that match, and he would be the first to tell you so. Square at the 17th tee, under a sweeping gale, it seemed destined that the argument between the "two most majestic figures of amateur golf" was to be adjusted at the terrible Hole 465 yards around an angle to the right, with the lion drive a dangerous crack over Auchterlachie's famous "drying-shed."

Both players elected to stay well to the left; the pitch was too tight for any undue risk, with the match square. Tolley was five yards, or such a matter, ahead from the tee and Jones had to guess first on the desperate problem of a second shot to the long, narrow green with the horrid road along the other side.

Bobby took plenty of time while 12,000 spectators stood and suffered. He walked halfway down to the green—it was a distance of about 200 yards, I should say. He stood on a tall mound and considered the situation. I was standing with Dr. Mackenzie, who designed and built the Cypress Point course at Del Monte and other famous courses. We agreed that the most feasible shot was an iron pitched to the right—well to the right—of the diabolical little bunker set right in line with the pit, to swing leftward off the steep slope of the green and roll on toward the pin. So we were surprised when Bobby motioned to the stewards to move the gallery back from the rear of the green,

near the 18th tee, which was well to the left of the bunker.

Then he went back and played. It was a bold shot, less obvious than the one Dr. Mackenzie and I had discussed. It was aimed to pitch in the hollow below the back of the green and roll on up, at the worst to be around the 18th tee with a fairly decent chip at the pin.

Bobby undeniably gave the shot a shade too much. I suppose that under pressure as extreme as he then was ex-

NEXT WEEK: HOW THE SLAM WAS COMPLETED

periencing a man naturally hits harder than he intends. The shot was perfect in line but it came up to the level of the green on a big bend and not on a roll. It struck among the very spectators Jones had asked to be moved back. It stopped where he had intended it to stop from a roll up the slope. A line from an old romantic novel leaped into my head: "Men call it fate!"

Anyway, and unconsciously, it was a break in luck. Tolley now had a vastly increased pressure on him with Jones in a fair position to read a birdie four, and a certain par five. And when the big fellow's iron curled up short of the wicked bunker, I could see nothing but a win for Jones. I felt that no man living could estimate so deft a pitch as would clear that bunker and stop anywhere near the hole, cut in that absurdly narrow plateau green with the road just across it. In the road likely—never near the flag, I felt.

Now we have a golfing situation changes. Jones's simple little approach was eight feet from the cup. And Tolley, pitching with the most exquisite delicacy the told me later it was the best shot he ever played in his life, stopped his ball within two feet of the flag, dead for a birdie four. In one minute, Jones had the hole and inadvertently the match in hand. In another minute, Jones was putting for his life; a perfect eight-footer, with his adversary comfortably and convincingly established for a half—or a win—if Bobby missed.

This was another crisis. And down went the putt. Two drives, close to 200 yards down the evening breeze, in front of the home green. Two chips, neither so good. A half in par four. Close play by the American Open champion at the 19th; loose-a play by the British Amateur champion, whose pitch was far outside and whose approach left him open for the stroke that ensued, and the great bout ended.

Some two weeks later Bob teed off in the British Open over the links of Hoylake along the Mersey estuary south of Liverpool. As Keeler viewed the 1930 British Open, at least five contenders played better golf than Jones did—three Americans, Mac Smith, Horton Smith and Leo Diegel; two Englishmen, Archie Compston and Fred Robson. Jones won the way that nobody but a solid-care champion ever manages to: in trouble in every round, fighting continually to control his shots and never quite striking his groove, he kept plugging and thinking and working, never giving in to the discouragement of missing just about one shot out of four, cashing in unapologetically on each break that came his way. On the last round, which he started a stroke behind Compston, the leader, after manufacturing rounds of 30, 72 and 74, Jones appeared to be a sure winner. Compston had gotten off to a tragically bad start, and Bob was moving along 1 under even displaying the 8th. This 8th is a 327-yard par five that can be birdied without too much trouble if a longish hitter follows two good woods with a nice little chip up the slope to the green.

Bob played the two good woods. He then stubbed his 20-yard chip halfway to the green, played a rather know-nothing second chip 10 feet from the hole, went a foot or so by with his first putt and topped off the whole rattling sequence by missing that kick-in putt. So it was a 7 and not a 4. Out in 38 and not in 35—just the encouragement the later-starting challengers like Diegel and Mac Smith needed as they set out after Bobby, and just the disheartening jolt, too, that frequently precedes a front-runner's collapse down the home stretch.

Bobby slipped one over par on each of the two short holes coming in, the 19th and 18th, but he held on. Over the last five holes at Hoylake—wind-whipped holes which are well trapped and measure 511, 443, 532, 415 and 408 yards respectively, as rough a finish as there is in golf—Bobby fought his way home 4-5-4-4-4 against an approximated par of 5-4-5-4-4. A total of 291. For all the valor of the last round rallies by Smith and Diegel, 291 was two shots better than either could do.

A few days later the double champion sailed for home. Two championships won and two to go. Now, for the first time, there was animated talk in every corner of the globe about a possible Grand Slam.

J. H. P.

TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers, including
low-handicap players

from **PETER THOMSON**, British Open champion, 1954 and 1955

Although there is a good deal of variation in the methods and styles of the top tournament stars, there is one fundamental, I have observed, that is common to all of them. This is the head position at impact. At the moment they strike the ball, the head is positioned two or three inches behind the ball.

The large majority of golfers, struggling to improve their games and more often than not finding this very difficult, have no idea where their heads will be at impact. The average golfer habitually thrusts his head ahead of the ball—and slices the shot. Sometimes he is addicted to the opposite extreme: his head is a good many inches behind the ball at impact—which encourages hooking. For that matter, it is not uncommon for the average golfer to alter the position of his head from day to day or, even, from swing to swing. This defeats the very thing he is trying to get: consistently accurate shot production based on a steadfast "groove."

The time to get the head set properly, of course, is at the start of the swing when you are addressing the ball. Line yourself up so that your head is two or three inches behind the ball and anchor it there surely, not tensely but firmly. It's a key position.



correct head position

NEXT WEEK: JIM BROWNING ON THE ELBOWS AT ADDRESS



NEWS

in more ways
than one!

White Stag's 4 Season Shirt



THE RAGGIPPER, \$4.95

The most comfortable idea in years!

A shirt with soft knit collar and cuffs. Wear it as a shirt or a jacket... wear it in or out!

And completely washable!

The Raggipiper shown here—soft Feathertouch cotton flannel, pre-shrunk, fast-color, long-wearing, in Black Watch, Royal Stewart and MacLeod Scotch clan plaid.

Nylon and cotton knit trim. Also available in other fabrics...

in stripes, checks, solid colors and plaids.

The MAKE of the Whites is more colorful in.

White Stag

PORTLAND, OREGON



A LARGE CROWD WATCHES SEMIFINAL MATCHES OF THE SMITH'S LAWN CUP AT WINDSOR GREAT PARK

POLO AT WINDSOR

With the Duke of Edinburgh playing and the Queen and the royal family in attendance, English polo fans had a field day at the Ascot Week tournament

ESPECIALLY POLO, once one of that country's most glorious sports, has had a shaky time of it since 1939 when World War II put an end to such frivolities. There are not many Britons who can field a string of polo ponies these days, and when the old Household Cavalry Polo Club was disbanded last October after its grounds were requisitioned by local authorities, the ancient sport received another wallop. But the Queen's horses and the Queen's men are not to be deprived of their traditional game. In January of this year, Elizabeth gave permission for a ground to be laid out on the broad flat stretch of Smith's Lawn in the royal parkland of Windsor Great Park, just three miles by private road from Windsor Castle. Thereupon a new club was formed, the Household Brigade Polo Club, and the opening tournament during Ascot Week was a triumph for the game and a personal success for its best-known patrons, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with the large gallery having a spectators' field day under the June-blue English skies.

They saw the Duke, one of the star attractions of the game and a three-goal player, ride with his Marlborough team on four of the six days of play. They saw the Queen and

Princess Margaret in a bright array of summer fashions, as they walked from royal tea tent to royal bus. They saw the Queen Mother, the Duke of Cornwall, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the King and Queen of Jordan. It was as informal as a family picnic, with the royal children scampering about, the Queen and the Duke relaxed and at home in their own backyard.

There were two cups at stake: the Royal Windsor Cup, presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Smith's Lawn Cup, presented by the Household Brigade Polo Club for which all teams knocked out in the first cup struggle competed. The Windsor Cup was won by the favored Batavia team; the Smith's Lawn Cup by Woolmen Park.

With such enthusiastic patronage of the Queen and the Duke (he learned the game from his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, while with the Royal Navy at Malta), there is hope that polo will be restored to major status in England, supported this time by the gallery rather than by the few and the very rich. With the Duke to draw the spectators, and the Queen to give the hand and to award the cups, there seems to be a good chance that this hope will be fulfilled.

THE QUEEN, in a handsomely tailored brown suit, congratulates Jamaican player William De Limer of the Batavia team, winners of the Windsor Cup. She is escorted by the Marquess Deans, M.V.O., M.C., secretary of the Ascot Week Polo Tournament.



DINK OF EDINBURGH mounts a female groom holds horse. He played with the Marines who went to the new friends of the Smith's Lawn Cup. His square-necked jersey is the white and blue of the polo team.



PRINCESS MARGARET is escorted by members of the police corps as she enters the new polo grounds in Windsor Great Park. She wears a white silk dress with red dots, and a fuzzy white sweater over her shoulders.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Queen Mother and the royal children return to their box from the tea tent. The park is only three miles from Windsor Castle and at no other sporting event is the family so informal.





Custom by Tripp

We're Importing Fun for You!

Yes, the fabulous Triumph TR2 brings fun into your life, mile after mile and day after day for here is a car that actually *matches your mood*. This British-built champion combines true sportscar performance with dependability, comfort and convenience. Down to the station... out to the movies... all around town, the Triumph TR2 handles like a well-schooled pointer... fits into everyday life like one of the family. There's plenty of luggage space and up to 35 thrifty miles to the gallon.

But the exhilaration really begins when you're out on the open road where you have greater freedom

to enjoy the Triumph's driving ease, its sensational acceleration and speed — unmatched by any other sportscar at its amazingly low price.

Just for fun — why not try the TR2 this weekend?

It's a **TRIUMPH**
only \$2499

plus tax and license of
10 U.S. points of entry, while
wheels represent extra.



Parts and service are readily available coast to coast.

STANDARD-TRIUMPH MOTOR COMPANY, Inc.

Importers of Triumph Sports Cars, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

For more information read coupon
to distributor below nearest you —

West of Mississippi:
CAL SALES, INC.
1957 West 144th St., Gardena, Calif.

East of Mississippi:
SOUTH EASTERN MOTORS, INC.
1937 Harrison St., Hollywood, Florida

Canadian readers write to:
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. (Canada), LIMITED
496 Bloor Avenue, Toronto 16

Please send me address of the nearest Triumph Dealer and
more information about the TR2.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

☐ Check here for information on our Overseas Delivery Plan.

U.S.

MATCHWIT*

The MATCHWIT puzzle is the only dual crossword in the world. To solve it, couples may sit opposite each other at a card table or well-balanced lagboard. At the signal, both contestants start solving. The definitions are daily — watch out for the puns, anagrams and postflage; let your

mind wander. Some of the words link the two puzzles together, permitting one player to do the other in the eye. Save these till last. If both players get stuck, the puzzles may be reversed and the solving resumed. First one finished wins. It's designed for two but one can play it alone.

1. Down

2. Down

3. Down

4. Down

5. Down

6. Down

7. Down

8. Down

9. Down

10. Down

11. Down

12. Down

13. Down

14. Down

15. Down

16. Down

17. Down

18. Down

19. Down

20. Down

21. Down

22. Down

23. Down

24. Down

25. Down

26. Down

27. Down

28. Down

29. Down

30. Down

31. Down

32. Down

33. Down

34. Down

35. Down

36. Down

37. Down

38. Down

39. Down

40. Down

41. Down

42. Down

43. Down

44. Down

45. Down

46. Down

47. Down

48. Down

49. Down

50. Down

51. Down

52. Down

53. Down

54. Down

55. Down

56. Down

57. Down

58. Down

59. Down

60. Down

61. Down

62. Down

63. Down

64. Down

65. Down

66. Down

67. Down

68. Down

69. Down

70. Down

71. Down

72. Down

1. Down

2. Down

3. Down

4. Down

5. Down

6. Down

7. Down

8. Down

9. Down

10. Down

11. Down

12. Down

13. Down

14. Down

15. Down

16. Down

17. Down

18. Down

19. Down

20. Down

21. Down

22. Down

23. Down

24. Down

25. Down

26. Down

27. Down

28. Down

29. Down

30. Down

31. Down

32. Down

33. Down

34. Down

35. Down

36. Down

37. Down

38. Down

39. Down

40. Down

41. Down

42. Down

43. Down

44. Down

45. Down

46. Down

47. Down

48. Down

49. Down

50. Down

51. Down

52. Down

53. Down

54. Down

55. Down

56. Down

57. Down

58. Down

59. Down

60. Down

61. Down

62. Down

63. Down

64. Down

65. Down

66. Down

67. Down

68. Down

69. Down

70. Down

71. Down

72. Down

DOWN

1. Down

2. Down

3. Down

4. Down

5. Down

6. Down

7. Down

8. Down

9. Down

10. Down

11. Down

12. Down

13. Down

14. Down

15. Down

16. Down

17. Down

18. Down

19. Down

20. Down

21. Down

22. Down

23. Down

24. Down

25. Down

26. Down

27. Down

28. Down

29. Down

30. Down

31. Down

32. Down

33. Down

34. Down

35. Down

36. Down

37. Down

38. Down

39. Down

40. Down

41. Down

42. Down

43. Down

44. Down

45. Down

46. Down

47. Down

48. Down

49. Down

50. Down

51. Down

52. Down

53. Down

54. Down

55. Down

56. Down

57. Down

58. Down

59. Down

60. Down

61. Down

62. Down

63. Down

64. Down

65. Down

66. Down

DOWN

1. Down

2. Down

3. Down

4. Down

5. Down

6. Down

7. Down

8. Down

9. Down

10. Down

11. Down

12. Down

13. Down

14. Down

15. Down

16. Down

17. Down

18. Down

19. Down

20. Down

21. Down

22. Down

23. Down

24. Down

25. Down

26. Down

27. Down

28. Down

29. Down

30. Down

31. Down

32. Down

33. Down

34. Down

35. Down

36. Down

37. Down

38. Down

39. Down

40. Down

41. Down

42. Down

43. Down

44. Down

45. Down

46. Down

47. Down

48. Down

49. Down

50. Down

51. Down

52. Down

53. Down

54. Down

55. Down

56. Down

57. Down

58. Down

59. Down

60. Down

61. Down

62. Down

63. Down

64. Down

65. Down

66. Down

DOWN

1. Down

2. Down

3. Down

4. Down

5. Down

6. Down

7. Down

8. Down

9. Down

10. Down

11. Down

12. Down

13. Down

14. Down

15. Down

16. Down

17. Down

18. Down



76. Old man of the sea.
77. Bumpy ride.
78. Down camp with.
79. Where to find sadness.
80. A kind of pen that won't write.
81. Where Koolhaas went walking.
82. Change from Czech to Croatian.
83. We know the importance of being.
84. This has U.S.
85. Girl approaching married state.
86. He's not a chairman.
87. Man's first name.
88. It's full of Japanese.
89. Given to a Scotsman.
90. Tanager village.
91. Gail sings with top backed off.
92. Wagon's quarters.
93. Trade and Trade.
94. It's often moving.
95. This marks the spot.
96. Done in France.
97. Story with long-drawn-out.
98. Romance in Paris.
99. Over done.
100. One man's view.
101. Highway way things and.
102. Road man.
103. These informative letters.
104. The heart of the matter.
105. A tooth in Shakespeare's.
106. Vegetable good in the last.
107. Established on them.
108. Shade a good.
109. Good letters in rhyme.
110. It's kind of money.
111. " — — — — — from last they say I don't!"
112. Number first.
113. One off its top.
114. Last in three takes the crown.
115. They're all overboard up.
116. Klam man.
117. It's about time to law.
118. Family of Inupiat.
119. Almost returned.
120. Reverted literary man.
121. Where to find four jobs.
122. He makes money with one.
123. How Cray's flower is to look.
124. Where the alien are not of all day.
125. Seasonal direction.
126. Fully part of drama.
127. Put on the little leopards.
128. Member of the Man (and)
129. Bill that asked the children.
130. A kind of drop.
131. Scurvy man.
132. Agency of the French.

Answers

1. Pioneers.
2. Win-Play of Moscow.
3. Put the finger on this.
4. It's found in a mine.
5. Storms, not pigs.
6. Nine copies of a magazine.
7. Alan's grandmother.
8. A very thin coat.
9. Captain Jack's hat.
10. There are strings in this.
11. Low land.
12. Source of Ben's fashionably at risk.
13. She's in Fennoscandia.
14. A kind of string.
15. Guided mission of early movies.
16. A lot of numbers.
17. One way to be smart.
18. Has a high old time.
19. Mr. Smith and others.
20. It's often moving.
21. This marks the spot.
22. Done in France.
23. Story with long-drawn-out.
24. Romance in Paris.
25. Over done.
26. One man's view.
27. Highway way things and.
28. Road man.
29. These informative letters.
30. The heart of the matter.
31. A tooth in Shakespeare's.
32. Vegetable good in the last.
33. Established on them.
34. Shade a good.
35. Good letters in rhyme.
36. It's kind of money.
37. " — — — — — from last they say I don't!"
38. Number first.
39. One off its top.
40. Last in three takes the crown.
41. They're all overboard up.
42. Klam man.
43. It's about time to law.
44. Family of Inupiat.
45. Almost returned.
46. Reverted literary man.
47. Where to find four jobs.
48. He makes money with one.
49. How Cray's flower is to look.
50. Where the alien are not of all day.
51. Seasonal direction.
52. Fully part of drama.
53. Put on the little leopards.
54. Member of the Man (and)
55. Bill that asked the children.
56. A kind of drop.
57. Scurvy man.
58. Agency of the French.

Across

1. Oh, my! A gay answer?
2. Russian half of Las Vegas.
3. Cheese-exaggeration from Buffalo.
4. Belonging to T.J.
5. What ride you may be.
6. Where is the White House?
7. Whip on the pulleys.
8. Break this and you'll make no money.
9. A better man than Kidding.
10. Change into your's costume.
11. Get into it, John.
12. State water, yes, no.
13. Military and Training found Keweenaw this was.
14. City full of air.
15. Calmest egg.
16. Kind of food used in Carlin.
17. It's expendable when broken.
18. Turkey's sounds.

19. Cat that can look at a French way thing.
20. What Miss M's movie wants to be.
21. Reprehensible following knock?
22. Best around the boat.
23. Chinese food.
24. P. N. D.
25. Two words for an oriented.
26. Potential state of the stag.
27. He goes to Williams.
28. Name of an owner "ban."
29. Believer in over-living.
30. Pardon me to make.
31. M'd'd the well on a wet beach.
32. It's desirable in France.
33. There is Loris.
34. A kind of word.
35. Once — labor man.
36. Obviously giving the pen.
37. Four-armed device for the unique.
38. Part I for a comedian.

SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



MR. HOBBS, MEET MR. FAUNCE

Sirs:

I was greatly amused to receive recently this letter (see below) from the secretary of my country club. Obviously it is not at all funny in itself, but it did remind me so very much of J. P. Marquand's Happy Knoll series and especially of his article

Breakup at Happy Knoll. If I remember correctly, "spirited youth" at Happy Knoll's coming-out party committed almost identical mayhem to its golf course. I only hope that I won't be dunned for the damage as were Happy Knoll's members.

NAME WITHHELD

Rye, New York

THE APAWAMIS CLUB

Rye, New York

July 5, 1955

To the Members:

The Rye Police Department has brought to the attention of the Board of Governors of your club a recent occurrence involving the club and some teenage children, including children of some members of Apawamis.

A report on file in the Rye Police Department shows that at about 1230 A.M. on June 18th, a police sergeant and a patrolman were sent to Apawamis to investigate a complaint of unauthorized cars being congregated near the 10th tee. The sergeant, on arrival, found a group of about thirty young people who had driven several cars onto the golf course at that part of the course, and also along the 17th fairway. On learning that their presence on the course was without permission or authority, the police officers ordered them off the property after taking the name of all persons present and asking their driver's license number as well as car registration. The police report further shows that the group had come from a dance which had been held during the evening of June 15th at the Menancing Island Club.

The next day Jack Petrosi inspected the damage done by this group and reported as follows: Cars had been driven over the 10th tee, leaving several deep tire marks; cars had been driven over one end of the nursery adjoining the 17th tee, leaving deep tire skid marks; cars had been driven over the lower end of the 17th fairway making deep ruts to the extent that it was necessary to mark the area as "ground under repair" and put stakes around it; and that along the side of the road from the club house to the 10th tee and around the refreshment house at the 10th tee there were a large number of empty beer cans, paper cups, and empty paper beer cartons scattered over the ground.

The Board was so disturbed by the nature of this occurrence and all of the surrounding circumstances that it felt the least it could do would be to bring the incident to the attention of the whole membership in the hope that you parents who have teenage children, particularly those whose children were involved, will tell them that the Board of Governors of the club considers that this performance was a disgrace, going far beyond the normal excusable pranks of spirited youth in its apparent callous disregard of the private property of others. The Board also has reason to believe that if such things of this nature continue to take place in Rye that the Rye Police Department will not be as considerate as they were in these circumstances, and the participants will probably face more serious punishment than the mere reprimand that is so fully deserved in this case.

In a separate communication this matter is being called to the particular attention of the members whose children were involved in this occurrence.

GEORGE FAUNCE, JR.

Secretary.

TENNIS EVERYBODY

Sirs:

I have just had the pleasure of looking through the magazine and reading the fine article by Prime Minister Menzies of Australia and the splendid article by Whitney Tower on Tony Trabert, as well as Bill Talbot's article on the Davis Cup (SL, Aug. 29).

To say that I am highly pleased with the whole magazine is putting it very mildly. You have my personal thanks and the thanks of our association for the excellent coverage given to tennis not only in this issue but throughout the year. Considering the fact that tennis is not one of the major spectator sports, I think you have leaned over backward to give us a fine break at all times. Tennis is primarily a participation sport rather than a spectator one and I have been pleased with your relative emphasis on participation sports as compared with the ordinary coverage by newspapers and other sporting magazines. This emphasis is certainly in accord with the recently expressed Eisenhower program and with the views of other leaders who feel that our youth are becoming spectators rather than players.

JAMES H. BISSOP

President

U.S. Lawn Tennis Assn.

New York

WIN OR LOSE

Sirs:

SL, Aug. 29 was an outstanding issue as far as I am concerned and that is saying a lot because all of them seem to be outstanding to me. The pictures, including the cover, certainly gave a graphic portrayal of big-time tennis.

The article by Prime Minister Menzies was fine. He put so clearly what most of us who have been connected with the game feel but are unable to express so well. Tennis is fortunate to have such a good friend.

I liked CONVERSATIONS FIRST very much too. That feature of SL has long been my favorite anyway. Tony is a fine lay and a fine champion, win or lose.

WILMER ALLISON

Austin, Texas

• Wilmer Allison, now a Texas businessman (radio and TV), was one of the great tennis stars of the 1930s. He won the National Intercollegiate singles championship in 1927; the National mixed doubles (with Edith Cross) in 1930; the Wimbledon doubles (with John Van Ryn) in 1929 and 1930; the National doubles (with Van Ryn) in 1931 and 1933; and the National singles in 1935. A member of the Davis Cup team, he was the doubles U.S. player in 1934 and 1935.—ED.

continued on next page

• It's a small, wonderful world. John P. Marquand's father, the late Philip

Marquand, was a member of Apawamis at the turn of the century.—ED.

JOURNALISM'S LOSS

Sir:

This issue was a tennis fan's delight. Out of curiosity I counted the number of pages which contained at least some mention of tennis. The total was 12, which must be something of a record for a national magazine not previously devoted to the game.

The cover was the best photograph I've seen of Tony Trabert. Jimmy Jemal came up with some interesting answers to his tennis question, your "Musings on Menes" (E & D, Aug. 29) should be read by every official of the USLTA, the color layout on the West Side Tennis Club was superb. Billy Talbert's prediction of the Davis-Cup play is well judged despite the loss of the Cup he could hardly foresee Trabert's handshakes and flowers!—marvelous—scarcity from the backcourt—and Whitney Young's CONSERVATION PIECE on Trabert offers fascinating insights into an amateur tennis champion's attitude.

But, had you run only *The Great Game of Tennis* by Prime Minister Menes, my favorite sport would have been served. The gain of the world of government has obviously been at the expense of the world of journalism. Though *Writer Menes'* segue was gentle, it hit with deadly precision the fallacies and weaknesses we have allowed to creep into this one truly international game—the hypocritical assumption to which we cling, the foolishness of thrusting immature youths into national and international competition (last year we had a 13-year-old national champion) and the blindness of those who claim that today's players of the Power Serve and the Constant Net Play could match the all-round perfection of the great players of the 1920s. Yet he also pointed out the potential value of this game in a world of international tensions. It is a deeply thoughtful article, one not easily forgotten by anyone interested in tennis and its future.

T. MALCOLM FURCHILL JR.
Thomas, Ga.

AUSTRALIA'S LUCK

Sir:

It's a long time since I've been so touched and moved by an article on sports as I was by Prime Minister Menes' thought-provoking comments on world tennis.

This was a completely honest and unswerving look at tennis today and yesterday from the deeply personal viewpoint of a man who by his words stamps himself a true sportsman and gentleman.

I can't help but think how lucky Australia is to have this man at her helm. His command of the language, his admirable ability to express himself and his broad and understanding outlook remind me strongly of another great prime minister.

This was another "first" of which I am justifiably proud. Congratulations from a reader who never intended to write!

HAROLD T. CHURCH JR.
Greenwich, Conn.

A RECOMMENDATION

Sir:

If Tony Trabert doesn't take a pro job ("If I turned pro I might be able to get \$50,000 or \$75,000 in the bank. . .") I'd like to recommend him for sports editor of the *Library Digest*. He has all the qualifications ("I think we'll retain the Davis Cup . . . ditch it in the first two days").

FRANK A. LAWRENCE
Ingham, Pa.

WHERE?

Sir:

In your issue for Aug. 29 you have an article on the Blue Jay suit.

Please tell me where one can purchase the kit shown in your story.

E. B. DAVIES
Aima, Mich.

• For Mr. Davies' information, and that of a score of other readers: Robert Sparkman, whose company created the Blue Jay, is secretary of the club. He can be reached c/o Sparkman & Stephens, 11 East 44th St., New York

17, N.Y. Both kits and finished hoods are available from Robert McKean, 190 East Prospect Ave., Mamaroneck, N.Y. and from Dick Jackson, Island City Boat Co., 2317 Buena Vista Avenue, Alameda, Calif. Finished hoods only are offered by the Saybrook Yacht Yard in Old Lyme, Conn.—ED.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF SMITH . . .

Sir:

Edmund Ware Smith, whose fine literary piece of writing entitled *Mr. Smith Made the President* (E, Aug. 29, paragraph 2) to me something in writing in which less fortunate mortals have failed encouragingly. Here was all the fine sensitive feeling of a meeting most of us harbor secretly! It also could have read *Mr. Editha Smith the President*.

LOUIS KROENKE
Kearnsville, N.C.

SEE IT NOW

Sir:

See whiz, I can just see Edmund Ware Smith riding down the road with all the dreams. Guess lots of people have that in common, huh? Save like that magazine.

SHIRLEY SCHWABER
San Diego

LADIES YESTERDAY

Sir:

As I am a woman, I probably shouldn't write about Babe Ruth because it obviously dates me.

However, I was very moved by the little story of the Babe's last big day (E, Aug. 29). In earlier years I spent many pleasant afternoons in the stadium watching the Great Man torture every enemy pitcher.

It's wonderful to see that at least one of your writers feels about the Babe as I do.

ANN LOVE
New York

THEY HAD GRANTS IN THOSE DAYS

Sir:

Your Aug. 22 E & D about useless football heroes was very misleading to many sports fans. Harvard, Yale and Princeton will take on any and all centers so long as the schools are amateur—Amateur with a large A. The Big Three—and most of the Ivy League—don't pay their athletes, and they've got some darn good ones. You go back to when most college athletes had amateur standing and then see how many all-stars and All-Americans the Big Three had. They'll play a decent brand of football amateurishly with men who are going to college to learn, and I don't mean learn football.

PHIL MILLS JR.
Topeka, Kans.

BORN 1876 AND STILL GOING STRONG

Sir:

Of course I haven't expected to know everything—you're only a little over a year old. . . . But you are most willing to learn!

In the 1934 HOLE (Aug. 22) you answered an inquiry on where wood golf clubs could be purchased in Nov. 17's, 5 and 7. Since 1876, which makes me old enough to be 81's great grandfathers, we have been making woods numbering 1 through 9, and up to 26 inches long. We are still going



"He had his golf clubs and was wondering something about Hogan's secret."

strong. The fourth generation at the bench is producing some of the finest clubs made.

GEORGE SAYERS

Haverford, Pa.

■ SI is happy to add the Sayers name to the list and hopes that when it reaches a great grandfather's status, it too will still be going strong.—ED.

I LEARNED A FEW THINGS

Sir:

In reporting the career of Don Newcombe (SI, Aug. 22), I think Robert Creamer wrote one of the best Commemorative Pieces ever to appear in your magazine. I am not a Dodger fan, but I enjoyed it very much. I am a pitcher and learned a few things from the article.

FRED FREDRICK

The Bronx, N.Y.

MY INTREPID HERO

Sir:

Newcombe might show strength, power, meanness, audacity, but it doesn't seem to faze my hero, Robin Roberts, who has beaten him every time.

ELIZA DAVIS

Wilmington, Del.

EBBETS FIELD: IN MEMORIAM

Sir:

I am certainly no demolition expert, but it is time to be realistic that in his article (E & D, Aug. 28) Walter O'Malley, the president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, started taking the rivets out of Ebbets Field. Baseball is Brooklyn as it has been known for a couple of generations in the way out.

It may even be that major league baseball is at long last settling like the sun along the Gowanus Canal—as far as Brooklyn is concerned. One thing is sure—Ebbets Field is doomed. And it is doubtful that a new, modern and spacious baseball stadium will ever be built in Kings County. Gone now are the old-time tuggers that gave the ball club its nickname—"The Dodgers." Gone are the names that were the trademark of the old ball park—the Ebbetts—the McKersies, Wilbert Robinson, Dave Driscoll Sr. and many legendary stars.

Anyone who knew Ebbets Field in the 1920s can still see old Charlie Ebbets standing on his special bench back of home plate after each game, being beckled by the fans who wanted him to part with his funds for better ballplayers. A favorite crack was, "Hey, Charlie, you dropped a dime."

Others can still see Steve McKeever, who owned 25% of the club, standing with his bald head and gold-tipped cane in the ramp behind home plate greeting the politicians and personalities with his familiar "How's your big heart?"

When Charlie Ebbets died, Edward J. McKeever was slated to become president, automatically. The day Ebbets was buried dawned dimly cold and wet. A steady rain beat down on the cemetery and on the head of Ed McKeever as he paid his final respects to his baseball partner. A week later Ed McKeever was buried too—the victim of pneumonia.

Steve, his brother, never had the capacity for running a ball club. To him the Dodgers, the Robins, the Superbas, the Brackles—whatever they might have been to the fan—were a plaything. It seemed Steve was prouder of his original metal plowshare's

hoarse that hung over the press gate than he was of the ball club. Later, however, his daughter—Dorrie—became almost symbolic with the Dodgers.

And when they finally put the hammer to Ebbets Field in a couple of years, there will be tears not only in Brooklyn, but all over New York. The National League itself will not be the same. Time marches on.

DAVE DRISCOLL JR.

New York

IS THERE A PSYCHIATRIST IN THE STANDS?

Sir:

By saying Billy Klauter is "a state of mind" (SI, Aug. 22) would you agree with a leading Boston newspaper that the Red Sox opposition often gets "Klautrophobia"?

ANN WHITTEN

Exeter, Mass.

■ SI agrees.—ED.

UNDERHAND BUSINESS

Sir:

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES (Aug. 22) describes the advent of what is claimed to be an innovation in baseball in the shape of a pitcher who pitches underhand. Bobby Fellew, a graduate from softball, has been taken on by the Seattle Rainiers to do with a regulation baseball what he had been doing with outstanding success with a softball, and, when he could get the ball across the plate, he seems to have disconcerted opposing batters with his unusual delivery.

But actually, there is nothing new in baseball. Underhand pitching is not the novelty it is made out to be in the account of Feder's first appearance in a regulation game. Back in the early 1820s the New York

Yankees had a pitcher named Carl Mays—no relative to Willie—who regularly threw underhand, and who was one of the most successful throwers of the time. Frank Graham, in *The New York Yankees*, says of him, "Mays, combining a blazing fast ball with a sweeping underhand delivery in which his knuckles actually scraped the ground sometimes as he let the ball go, was one of the best pitchers in either league." And if my memory of 20 years ago holds good, another Yankee pitcher named Warhop, who was part Indian, of the same era, also made use of the underhand pitch. But Carl Mays was an outstanding star.

Mays is best remembered as the pitcher who threw the unhappy pitch that landed Ray Chapman of the Cleveland Indians and killed him. He was one of those unlucky players who were always getting into trouble, to whom things happened. As Frank Graham further remarks, "his methods were so underhand as his pitching delivery." So he in time departed, and is remembered as a party in a sad accident rather than as the successful pitcher that he was. His pitching style, however, was not considered unethical at the time, and there would seem to be no reason why it should not be taken up again by someone willing to master it. And if the Seattle Rainiers are any wiser than our New York team recently, they should hire Fellew.

TREBORNE W. KNIGHT

New York

■ Still, Carl Mays and all the other old-time submarine pitchers were not former softball pitchers. Their deliveries, unlike Feder's, bore no resemblance to the regulation softball delivery.—ED.



"Alber!! No!"

Dana Findley



MISS PRISCILLA NICHOLS

Pretty Priscilla Nichols, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce D. Nichols of Fairfield, Conn., tried hard to smother a big grin when she won her first big prize in her first big horse show but some of Priscilla's delight popped out in spite of her. Priscilla, riding Silver Hills, a 22-year-old pony, won the lead rein competition in the Fairfield

County Hunt Club's junior horse show. A first-grade student at the Bolton School in Westport, she has been riding for a year and recently graduated from ponies to horses. After receiving a silver dish from Mrs. Gerald Vosburg, Priscilla told her mother, "I'll have my cornet out of it the first morning, and then I'll let you have it for cigarettes."

California Weight ARCYLES

exclusive with
ESQUIRE SOCKS
SINCE 1932

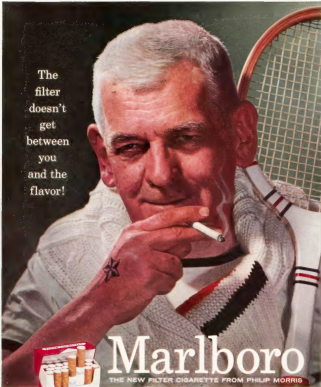
"the toughest" taking on two feet



DEEPTONES

Mercurized Durene cotton, Colorfast®...will not run or fade. And in Expand-Q® nylon—one size fits all.
FILA, REG. PENDING U.S. PAT. OFF. A DIVISION OF CHESTER H. BOWEN CO., INC., N.Y.C.

The
filter
doesn't
get
between
you
and the
flavor!



Marlboro

THE NEW FILTER CIGARETTE FROM PHILIP MORRIS



NEW
FLIP-TOP BOX

Fits to keep
cigarettes from
crushing.
No tobacco in
your pocket.

POPULAR
FILTER PRICE

Yes, this easy-drawing but hard-working filter sure delivers the goods on flavor. Popular filter price. This new Marlboro makes it easy to change to a filter. This one you'll like.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW PHILIP MORRIS RECIPE)